Next Month

and later

PEACE WITH THE LANDLORD

Janet Mabie

"Speaking of horse-and-buggy days, what about the situation between landlords and tenants?" The supposedly instinctive enmity between the two divisions of mankind is, or should be, as outmoded as the side whisker. But few landlords know this, and few tenants realize that they have rights and the power to see that they are maintained. Miss Mabie tells all about the new deal in rent-payer and rent-collector co-operation.

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR MEN

Harry Hibschman

Now that women have won almost all the rights they were fighting for and hostilities are considered to be on the wane, Mr. Hibschman sends this bulletin from the male front of the War Between Men and Women, immortalized by James Thurber. There seems to be no hope for an early armistice, for he reports that women have acquired not only equality but "equality plus all their traditional feminine prerogatives." And the author provides a detailed platform under which all remaining free men can start the big offensive.

THE TWO DICTATORS

Emil Ludwig

The eminent German biographer analyzes and compares two of the rulers of Europe who, though they have established a rigid order of life in their own countries, seem to have an infinite capacity for turning into chaos whatever order there may be in international affairs. Hitler and Mussolini, their backgrounds, their characters, and their aims, are revealingly exposed to Ludwig's sharp knife.

OUSTING JUDGE LYNCH

Ben Cothran

Congressional antilynching legislation is no cure for America's most sordid sport. Besides being unenforceable, such a law as the proposed Gavagan act completely ignores the deep-rooted cause of the sadistic Roman holidays the South enjoys every so often. No, says Mr. Cothran, "vastly more important is to stop the human decay that has cankered the South for a century; to humanize a civilization that permits present conditions among share croppers, textile workers, and yeoman farmers, enforcing a system that exploits not only negroes but a majority of the white population."

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SEPTEMBER 1937

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THE BOOK FORUM

THE SEVENTEEN MILLION — Ogden L. Mills (Macmillan, $1.75).
AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE WESTERN WORLD — Harry Elmer Barnes (Harcourt, Brace, $5.50).
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER — B. F. Winkelman (Winston, $1.50).
AND SO — VICTORIA — Vaughan Wilkins (Macmillan, $2.50).
SMALL TALK — Harold Nicholson. (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00).
GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES — Claudius O. Johnson (Crowell, $4.00).
SHADOW ON THE LAND: SYPHILIS — Thomas Parran (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50).
ONE LIFE, ONE KOPECK — Walter Duranty (Simon & Schuster, $2.50).
WAR SATURDAY WEEK — Ruth Adam (Lippincott $2.50).
SEVEN KINDS OF INFLATION — AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT THEM — Richard Dana Skinner (Whittlesey, $2.50).

THE word *liberal*, it appears, is fast falling into disrepute. From one quarter of the compass genial Heywood Broun has recently challenged: "Those who call me a liberal are warned to smile when they utter the word." From quite another direction Ogden L. Mills, in *The Seventeen Million*, gives the term a wide berth on behalf of the Republican Party: "In view of the present-day perversion of the meaning of the term 'liberal,' I would make this the party of conservatism." So be it. In case you are in doubt, the party which last election swept through Maine and Vermont like wildfire is not liberal but conservative.

Making the very reasonable plea that the 17,000,000 who voted for Landon are a minority which should not be ignored, Mr. Mills attempts to lay down a program which will not only weld them into a solid political unit but will transmute them back once more into their former eminence as a majority. The real desires of the American people are rather cannily listed, and then, presto! it appears that only the renovated Republican Party can satisfy those desires. This is the time-honored device of all special pleaders, but it cannot be said of Mr. Mills that he stoops to certain tactics which marked both his friends and his enemies before that day last autumn when the people accepted a planner for president.

And, speaking of planners, a rather ominous note creeps into the book, perhaps while our Republican Homer nods: "Ballots may put the planners in," darkly hints this antiplan prognosticator. "Only bullets can put them out." Formation of regiments against the regimenters would seem to be a logical extension of this line of thought.

If things are really as Mr. Mills implies, it behooves us to look to our sidearms and to sharpen our wits. His survey of the future of individualism is one more round in the political scrap which by no means ended when the lists closed on November 3, last. No better brief summary of the conservative case has come out of the present confusion, and the book is required reading for all who have an intelligent interest in the direction the 17,000,000 will finally take.

LESS wary of the term *liberal* than Ogden Mills or Heywood Broun is Harry Elmer Barnes, Broun's fellow columnist in the Scripps-Howard papers. But even he, in his latest book, *An Economic History of the Western World*, regretfully concludes that "liberalism (Reform) seems to be doomed as a way out."

A way out from what? the unsuspecting reader may well ask. And Barnes, answering just that question, has filled a 790-page volume. His facile story of how men have created and distributed goods and services starts with the Stone Age and follows through Egypt, Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, right down to present-day America. All these thousands of years of progress, he finds, have achieved a curious consummation in imminent chaos. Increasing order has brought us to the verge of disorder. Capitalism, it seems, is done for. The author joins H. G. Wells in seeing around the corner not prosperity but a world war, and like Wells (whom his sweeping history calls to mind more than once) he believes order will finally be restored by the engineers. Intelligence will yet save the world, he grimly hopes. Technocracy, it follows, "is the only program of social and economic reconstruction that is in complete accord with the age in which we live."

Such a pronouncement is not lightly to be passed over, as indeed it was not lightly arrived at. Each of the concise chapters dealing with an age or a movement is followed by a suggested reading list which bears witness to the enormous amount of ore that was smelted down to forge metal for this one intellectual tool.

For all his belief in the doom of capitalism and his final friendly chapter on Soviet Russia, Barnes will find severe criticism coming from the left. And, as for the right, his prophecy of its early liquidation will win him few friends there. But the increasing number of Americans who are neither right nor left and have no qualms about casting curious glances in both directions will find this reinterpretation of economic history congenial in point of view and stimulating in its clear manner of presentation.

SINCE the day when that forthright lady whom the elder Rockefeller called Ida Tarbarrel said unpleasant things about Standard Oil, there has been a steady stream of abusive books on the Oil Kingdom and its Emperor. The torrent of invective poured on the shriveled old Baptist tended to decrease as his years and his benefactions mounted. And now comes a chatty, considerate biography which, without being slow-paced or dull, observes the decorum of the season. "Speak no ill of the dead" is the motto of B. F. Winkelman in his *John D. Rockefeller*. The getting and giving of wealth form the theme of this summary of a man which turns out also to be the survey of an epoch.

No attempt is made to bestow on Rockefeller certain of the qualities of greatness which he never had. Drama, expansiveness, the knack of spellbinding were no part of his equipment, although he might have been expected to inherit them from his father, a flashy and successful salesman of a fake cancer cure. Nor was John D. a profound scholar or original philosopher. "I have never felt the need of scientific knowledge," the author quotes him as saying. "A young man . . . in business . . . can always hire scientists."

However, Rockefeller could save and borrow and bargain and buy and sell. Likewise he could pray and give. Reminding us of these almost domestic traits in America's puritan Croesus is the task Mr. Winkelman has set himself; and he lays sympathetic emphasis on Rockefeller's scrupulous attention to detail which made him an outstanding organizer in a society distinguished for its executive talents.

IMAGINE the carefree genius of Alexander Dumas fused with the cunning of Sherlock Holmes and you will have our newest historical romancer, Vaughan Wilkins. Writing high, wide, and handsome, he presents *And So — Victoria* to those of us who like our facts caparisoned in fiction's splendor. The period in which Mr. Wilkins traffics is that of the relatively unknown generation just preceding the late Queen, who would probably be not at all amused by his spicy story. It was a time of flamboyant heroism and unmiti-

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F O R U M

and Century

SEPTEMBER, 1937 VOL. XCVIII, NO. 3

Soldiers As Educators

Editorial Foreword

In a spirited account of the Civilian Conservation Corps, in a recent *Collier's*, entitled "Boys in the Woods," Walter Davenport alludes in passing to "the Veterans Administration, to whom it is scarcely more than a questionable refuge for 28,000 undigestible veterans of the Great War."

In our 1,848 CCC. camps there are at present 300,000 enrollees, nine tenths of whom are young men of 17 to 23 who live in the so-called "junior" camps; the remaining tenth are not boys but men of nearer 47 to 53, who are segregated in the veteran camps. Most of these 30,000 veterans are inveterate readers, and they keep late hours browsing over the magazines in the camp recreation hall; they read *Collier's* and they are troubled about Mr. Davenport's disparaging aside.

To check up, the writer recently paid a flying visit to a typical CCC. camp for veterans, and the impression that he carried away was more favorable than that recorded by Mr. Davenport. The 200 men whom he met there were a relatively alert and competent-looking squad. They appeared far from undigestible. One felt that there must be something either very exclusive or very dislocated in a society that was not absorbing keen-eyed and bronze-bodied men like these, each one with a skilled craft on his finger tips.

Society is, in fact, reabsorbing these men on the far side of 40. The educational adviser of this veteran camp said his chief ambition was to get the men out of the camp and back to private jobs. And he succeeds. Every month recently, more men have graduated from this camp. Last month the number who said good-by to take new jobs reached the reassuring total of fifteen.

Back to the Job

No private tutor in Harvard, cramming his men for an exam, is more devoted to each individual graying veteran in his charge than is this educational adviser. He tries to stimulate in each an interest in his particular craft. He asks for technical magazines for the camp library. The plumber reads up on plumbing, the accountant on accounting. They enlist in correspondence courses, and the adviser goes over their papers with them in private sessions. They scan the newspapers of the nearest city and answer want ads. The adviser coaches them in applying for a job. The man who has been down

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and out must not defeat himself by belly-aching to a prospective employer about his hard luck but must win his respect by a stiff upper lip. When the writer was in camp, he saw two men setting out for jobs. They were fresh-shaven and all spruce and span in new clothes, hat, and shoes, at $25 the outfit.

The emergency conservation work was established on recommendation of President Roosevelt by act of Congress, March 31, 1933. CCC. camps now enroll an equivalent of one out of every six of our 2,000,000 school graduates thrown yearly on the world of employment. As an institution they are the most generally accepted of all the idealistic experiments of the New Deal. The management of camp life by the army is nonpolitical. Even Republicans have found it hard to discover grievances. The long-range objective of the camps is to conserve our natural resources, our forests and water power. Their short-range objective is to provide employment. They have accomplished, however, something still more important — a revival of sturdy American pioneer character, responsibility plus an appreciation of nature.

The CCC. camps are relatively no heavy burden to our national budget. Their overhead is small — a concentrated office in Washington. The director, Robert Fechner, is an experienced labor leader. The actual execution is divided between four already existing departments of government. The Department of Labor selects the men. Enrollees receive free clothing, shelter, food, medication — and $1 a day, most of which goes to their families. The War Department accepts the men and runs the camps. The conservation projects, however, on which the men work outside the camps, are under the Department of the Interior and the Department of Agriculture. The Interior Department also, through the Commissioner of Education, supplies the education advisers in the camps.

For four years these four departments of government have co-operated in running the camps about as smoothly as human affairs can ever be conducted. But the public is now beginning to offer new counsels of perfection because it sees that the camps are likely to become a permanent national institution. There are today two leading subjects of controversy: first, should the camps be educational as well as job-providing? Second, should they be removed from army management?

Apparently education in the camps must be of adult-extension rather than school character. Enrollees are incessantly coached on the job. Also they can perfect their knowledge of vocations begun before they came to the camps. This is often done by correspondence courses, assisted by the coaching of the camp educational adviser.

Social Engineers

THE CHIEF objection to army management is the fear that the camps may someday be used for military training, which is not prohibited. Reserve officers drawn from civil life have now replaced the regular army. The American army is one of the most efficient technical units of American life. No other organization could have set up the camps with more complete living equipment and at less expense to the taxpayer. The boys in the camps enjoy all the advantages of army precision and upstanding habits without suffering the yoke of army discipline. For the men are free to go and come. Army officers are in control, but they have to win the obedience of the men not by military command but by civilian example and persuasion.

During the writer's visit to a CCC. camp, two enrollees invaded the officers' mess to protest an assignment by the camp commander. They argued the matter through. In the regular army they would have been ordered curtly from the room; in fact the sergeant would probably not have allowed them in at all.

It is a fine proof that democracy actually functions in America when one sees 100 raw youths shepherded by train and truck across the continent to a forest camp by a solitary army officer who is ready to discuss all their complaints with a smile rather than an oath.

Love of nature, health, sturdy character are rebuilding young America in the CCC. camps. And the army is afforded an opportunity as great as that given the boys. Each camp commander, each camp educational adviser must be not an automaton but a psychologist. Our soldiers have found a constructive job for peace time. They have become social engineers.

Henry Goddard Leach

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Where the Jews Fail

by **MAURICE M. FEUERLICHT**

FAR BACK in the dim recesses of my childhood memory there burns the recollection of knowledge — gleaned from many sources available to alert childish ears — that I was Jewish. More than that, I learned from countless dinner-table discussions and from my father's heated debates with evening callers that, somehow, Jews were different from other people and that there was a "Jewish problem."

Through the years I heard much and read more about this "problem" and so I became keenly aware of the fact that, for some reason, the Jews are a people apart from their neighbors. As personal experience added the judgment of maturity to vicarious knowledge, two unfortunate facts became increasingly apparent. First, Jews as a group do not act like normal people, and by "normal" I merely mean the majority of citizens. Second, nobody can make an honest effort to probe the secret of Jewish differentiation, lest his head figuratively roll in the sand.

Jews, as a rule, are hypersensitive on the subject of their Judaism, even though they may never be quite sure just what their Judaism is. Consequently, Gentiles dare not discuss the topic in the light of healthy, helpful reason, lest they be accused of "prejudice." On the other hand, for many reasons, few Jews care to risk the storm of indignation sure to break on the head of any member of the group so rash as to express a sentiment other than bitter complaint against Jewish persecution by the world at large. The cry of "Renegade!" is not pleasant in sensitive ears.

Before I commit myself, I too want to forestall some of the criticism I may receive, by pointing out that as the son of a rabbi and the product of a Jewish environment I am hardly prejudiced against Jews. Regardless of the nature of my own peculiarly personal religious views, I shall speak of "we Jews" throughout my discussion, in order to make it perfectly clear that I have no desire to avoid being known as a Jew.

I do not believe there are any Jews at birth. The Jewish consciousness is given seed and cultivated consistently, however, from the moment the young Jew is capable of understanding the spoken word — perhaps before that. Every religious experience thereafter tends to remind him that he is not like his friends the Gentiles. Such was my own experience, which may be taken as typical in that I was raised with less than the usual orthodox Jewish inflexibility but with more training than that found in most Reformed Jewish homes. My earliest memory is the celebration of the Feast of Lights, or Hanukkah. I sat at my father's feet, as have countless other Jewish youngsters, and heard him tell the thrilling story of Judas Maccabeus and his brave band who risked their lives for their religion. Each year at Hanukkah I lighted candles in commemoration of the release from the oppressor's hand and sang:

Children of the martyr race
Whether free or fettered,
Wake the echoes with your song
Where ye may be scattered.

Along with my Jewish playmates, I had that theme, "children of the martyr race," dinned into my consciousness so deeply that it became a part of my very being, a basic element of my emotional and mental life. Almost the first words I understood, were *oppressed people*, *martyrs*, *prejudice*, *persecution*. When little Gentiles called me "Jew," my parents carefully explained that the boys meant to insult me, that the world didn't like Jews and I should be like Judas Maccabeus. I quickly learned that, for some reason, the world had it in for me, and my home instruction never allowed me to forget the past. I had a long training in martyrology, taught with all the subtle and sublimating refinements that 3,000 years

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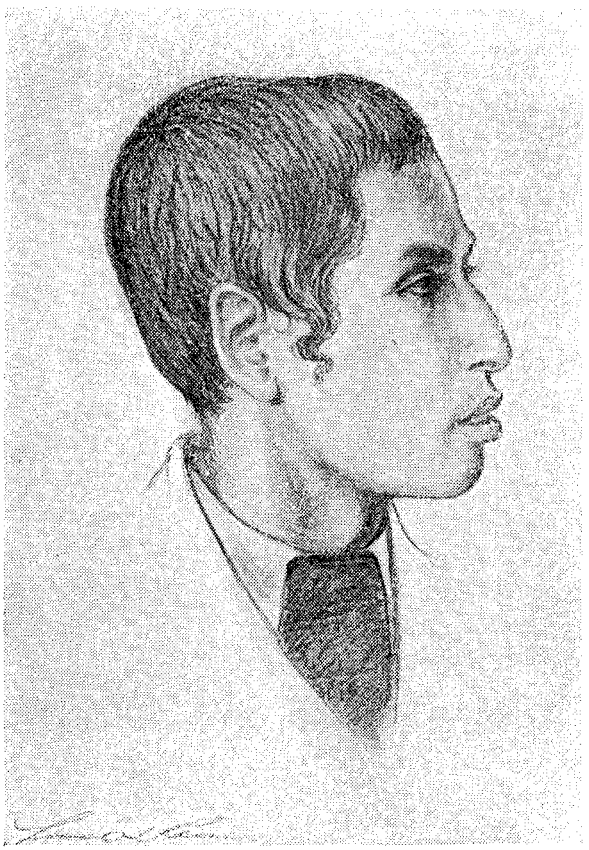
of bitter experience brought to the instruction. Wise Alexander Pope once wrote:

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.



Jewish Type: Egyptian

My Abnormal Heritage

Scientists have a maxim, of forbidding sound, which declares that "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny." Translated roughly, it means that the physical life history of the individual follows the life history of the race. This is true in fields beyond the physical and biological experience of the race. Vicariously, every good little Jewish youngster suffers the pains of persecution which have been visited on his group. After Hanukkah, I celebrated Passover and hated Pharaoh with all the fervor of my childish heart because he persecuted the Jews. Lest I forget the hasty flight through the Red Sea, I ate unleavened bread, matzoth, to remind me of hardships suffered 2,000 years ago. When Purim came, I hated Haman and hissed his name because he wanted to exterminate the Jews. At Friday-night synagogue services I heard my father roll out, in thunderous terms, indignant complaints against the "hand of the oppressor" and I heard him speak with pride of Jewish survival after "three thousand years of persecution."

In Sunday school and at home, while other little children learned fairy tales and played with tin soldiers, I learned of the bloody pogroms of Kishinev; I quailed at the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition; I resented deeply the Jewish confinement to the ghetto and the pale; I read of the distinctive clothing forced on the Jew; my blood boiled at the accusations of the "Protocols of Zion" — charges of Jewish sacrifice of Christian children, Jewish schemes for world power. With all other Jewish children, I had a vicarious but none the less realistically sordid childhood and, like them, I emerged, without realizing it, a first-class case of mild paranoia. I knew the world had a grudge against me. As I grew older, this persecution complex grew stronger. I did not learn a great deal about the religious principles of Judaism but I certainly knew all about the Dreyfus case, the Ku Klux Klan, the "numerus clausus" restricting Jewish college quotas, country-club and hotel restrictions. That knowledge, more than anything else, constitutes the Jewish consciousness we have today.

Can it be said that we Jews are normal? We are more conscious of our maltreatment than we are of our religion itself. This martyr complex has its origin in history and its growth in our social relations. No one denies the injustice of it or the reality of its existence.

Let us concede past injustice, let us concede our martyrdom, but let us do more than this: let us consider the unfortunate effect we Jews produce when we interpret the events of daily life in terms of the past history of our group. When we constantly think of ourselves as Jews first and then as individuals, can we wonder that the world accepts our perverted sense of values? That twisted conception may be understood easily in the light of brutal history, but its effect on each of us is no less devastating. It is with the effects of our persecution complex, rather than its causes, that I am concerned.

"Prejudice" as an Alibi

The martyr complex makes us abnormal in dealing with our neighbors, first of all, because of its effect on us as individuals. There are few Jews who have been penalized in some way by society for personal shortcomings who

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have had the courage to admit that the fault might rest within the compass of their personal make-up. A man's vanity is a precious thing; without it, his poise and self-assurance are gone, his morale is shattered. He must preserve his vanity or live up to it, at all costs. It is true of human nature generally that men seek the blame for failure everywhere but at their own doorstep. This is a common rationalization for the purpose of preserving our worth in our own eyes.

How perfectly normal, then, is the Jew who fails to get a job or make a club or sell an order, because he falls below the personal standards required for success in his particular endeavor, and who says, "They were prejudiced; it was because I'm Jewish." We diverge from the normal when this becomes a mental habit with which we constantly salve the wounds of all our failures; then the fault ceases to be normal and becomes a persecution complex.

We Jews should give less attention to Shakespeare's Shylock and more consideration to his Cassius, who said:

> *The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,*
> *But in ourselves, that we are underlings.*

The use of an alibi to hide personal deficiency usually begins early in life. I recall that in school our teacher gave a generous discourse on the Jews, using as a text the character of Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*, which we were studying at the time. During the class, Mose Levy was called on for recitation. Having neglected to study, he tried to bluff but failed miserably. The next day I was called to the office of the principal of the school to testify on behalf of the distraught teacher, whose job was imperiled by the highly indignant mother of Mose. The youngster had told his mother that Teacher hated him, and "picked on" him because he was Jewish. He had been humiliated in class. Teacher had said very unkind things about Rebecca. Mrs. Levy demanded that the embarrassed principal discharge Teacher for maltreating her brilliant and long-suffering Mose. Teacher nearly lost her job because the principal did not care for the publicity attendant on a hearing of the unfounded charges, if brought before the school board. Teacher was transferred, and Mose showed up in class a week later, grinning impudently at the new instructress.

I went to a prominent Eastern college, and my four years there mean more to me than anything that has yet occurred in my life. I had several informal talks with the dean about Jewish students. He pointed out that fifteen per cent of the entire student body were Jewish, yet the college had been charged with discrimination in admissions. Several distinguished members of the faculty were Jews, and one was serving on the board of admissions. The dean cited many examples where the administrative officers and the faculty had leaned over backward to be helpful to their Jewish students. Yet I saw on his daybook that an astounding number of Jewish parents had made equally astonishing charges based on an assumption of prejudice, usually because their sons had failed to make a team, a fraternity, or an office or had failed a course of study.

Please remember that I am speaking of these particular boys and many like them when I say that I knew from daily contact that they were a lot of dirty, greasy, uncouth, unmannered,

Jewish Type: Russian

lazy, spoiled youngsters who constantly carried a chip on the shoulder — who would have been just as completely undesirable if they had been Presbyterians or Confucianists and who

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Jewish Type: Belgian Boy

were ignored by their fellow Jews. They felt that the world had set them apart for perpetual social persecution and consequently carried a grudge against everybody. Their minor successes were due to blackmail; the college authorities gave them more consideration than any other students, for fear that some morning the world would awaken to read charges of flagrant discrimination rampant in the very home of the truth and the light.

JUDAISM — RELIGION OR REFUGE?

AN INFINITE number of examples could be given, covering every phase of life and every type of Jew. Examples are only cumulative in effect and afford no fair basis for generalization. The principles on which they are founded still apply generally. There are many, many cases of actual prejudice. This does not obscure the fact that too often the prejudice ascribed to race and religion is a completely justified personal one, or else it is imagined; that even where real prejudice does exist it is frequently due to incidents for which the Jew is largely responsible and where he is the first to inject the issue into the case.

Strange though it may seem, most Gentiles are human beings and are fundamentally fair-minded. They think in terms of individuals and judge individuals on their own merits. To the majority of Gentiles, what a man thinks of God and what he does on Sunday are private matters belonging to the class of nonessentials as far as the activities of the market place are concerned. Gentiles don't like to talk about the "Jewish problem" because they recognize that it casts a rather shadowy reflection on their sense of fair play. It is the Jew with the chip on his shoulder, the martyr complex, who creates false issues and makes Gentiles dread him.

I believe we Jews will never be normal individuals so long as we maintain and foster our martyr complex, so long as we remain shy of self-appraisal and self-improvement, and so long as we find it easier to blame the other fellow for our own faults.

This, briefly, has been the effect on the make-up of the individual Jew of his martyr complex. His perpetually outraged sense of justice also affects his attitude toward Judaism. He proudly embraces his religion as a protest and not as a conviction. ("What if I *am* a Jew? I'm proud of it!")

When a Jew is blackballed by a club, when a Hitler unleashes his fanatic fury, or when the Ku Klux Klan corners the nightshirt market, the Jew bumps his head against reality and recognizes that, even though he may never go to Temple, he is still a Jew as far as the world is concerned. He returns a little closer to the fold because of the external stimulus. Judaism may be preserved by such pressure from the outside, but its vitality must grow from within. Too often it is the martyr complex that makes a Jew come back to Judaism. While he may be an ardent Jew because the world persists in reminding him of that fact, he is not an intelligent Jew and is therefore only a quantitative, rather than a qualitative, asset. Neither Judaism nor its adherents profit by this awakening of the individual Jewish consciousness. The reaction does not make for a strong religious group or for individuals in whom religion is strong.

THE PREJUDICE AGAINST GENTILES

THERE IS an old Talmudic maxim; "Deena d'malchutha deena" — "The law of the land is paramount." Despite their intensified Jewish consciousness, Jewish businessmen

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continue to slip away from all organized expressions of Judaism and like to blame not themselves but their business. They state that they cannot afford to close up their business on Saturday, the Sabbath, because competition is too keen; they do not walk to religious services because they live miles away from the synagogue; they do not follow orthodox religious procedure in marriage and divorce because "the law of the land is paramount" — when in Rome, do as the Romans do.

Curiously enough, while these statements were probably made in all sincerity, their fallacy was indicated to some extent by the National Recovery Act. Of course, no accurate figures are available, but I am informed by personal observers and by rabbis conversant with the subject that in New York City, the center of the garment trade, which is predominantly Jewish, when the NRA shortened working hours in that trade and obviated the necessity of working on Saturday, attendance at religious services did not increase in the slightest. This is probably true of other industries and localities also. It would appear to be a fair conclusion that many Jews are not being honest with themselves when they blame their environment and the conditions in which they live for their religious laxity.

Observable in the individual Jew as well as in his religious expression is the proverbial desire of the worm to turn. A person with an inferiority complex or a martyr complex harbors a desire to hit back blindly against fate and does not hesitate to do so. The appearance of a Gentile at any Jewish social function is frequently severely criticized by those very Jews who are most anxious to gain recognition in Gentile social functions.

If a Jew commits that most heinous of all offenses and marries a Gentile, he feels the full force of the prejudice which Jews have built around themselves in the guise of self-protection. Quite aside from the many sound obstacles to such a step, based on social, temperamental, or religious complexities, Jews who never go to Temple and all of whose friends are Gentiles feel that they have suffered a personal affront — to put it simply, they feel that the Jew has gone to the enemy if he marries a Gentile. Much pressure is brought to bear on the couple in an effort to make the Gentile become Jewish (as if mere religious study or spoken acquiescence can accomplish the metamorphosis!). One explanation, of course, rests in the fact that the Jews are a numerical minority and defections in the ranks are a serious matter. Most Jews, however, are not concerned so much with their numerical strength as they are with their own prejudices and the satisfaction to be derived from expressing resentment toward the most available Gentile, who in this case is hardly in a position to hit back.

Jewish Type: Galician Student

Inconsistency in Martyrdom

The far-reaching consequences of the martyr complex go beyond any effect on the individual Jew and the practice of his religion and beyond the narrowing prejudice with which he confronts Gentiles. The insidious martyr complex and its many manifestations do not leave unmarked even the most kindly and sympathetically inclined Gentiles.

I prefaced my case by stating that friendly Gentiles fear to offer timely and constructive criticism, lest they be accused of prejudice. Such persons as my high-school teacher, the dean of my college, sincere writers on the subject have all, as a rule, been confined to the ex-

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pression of pious platitudes, lest it be thought that the slightest word of criticism carried a tinge of animus. Individuals always find it hard to accept criticism, even when they know that it usually springs from a genuinely sympathetic interest in their welfare. Jews are individuals. Add to that their martyr complex, and anything more than gentle exhortations extolling "tolerance and understanding" becomes freighted with dynamite highly injurious to friendly intercourse between the groups.

By thus cutting off honest criticism and any attempt at constructive evaluation of the very real differences and prejudices existing, the Jew guards himself against one of the most healthful balances any man can have — the point of view based on a broad perspective.

The newspapers of the country intermittently carry items stating that committees of indignant Jews have protested against the study of *The Merchant of Venice* in schools or against the exhibition of certain motion pictures. Unfortunately there have been several motion pictures which have merited strong protest. But certainly any objection to the character of Shylock can be based only on an almost total ignorance of the play in which he appears. Shylock's eloquent speech pointing out that the Jew is not only a human being but is a man first and a religionist subordinately is one of the most moving and persuasively powerful pleas in literature. Yet the repressive attitude taken by Jews in whom the martyr complex is strong serves as a threat and a boycott, stifling honest thought and expression as effectively as any official index expurgatorius.

The great tragedy of the group attitude I have attempted to outline, in its superficial phases at least, is the fundamental inconsistency on the part of those Jews who are most sincerely anxious to have the world accept them as individuals and who want to keep their religion where it belongs — a part of their private life from which the world is excluded.

The Jew, who is certainly primarily an individualist, forgets his group reactions, overlooks the religious issues and human problems to which his martyr complex contributes, and complains bitterly because he is not accepted by the world as an individual first and a Jew second. He forgets that his first reaction is that of a Jew; that perhaps his failure to get a job is due to dirty fingernails rather than a Semitic nose. If a daily newspaper should state that "Isaac Rubens, 26, Jewish, robbed the Smith grocery last night," every Jew in town would be up in arms against the editor for publication of the gratuitous label. But, if Albert Einstein presents a revolutionary scientific theory, those same Jews glow with satisfaction at references to "the great Jewish scientist." We must decide whether we want the world to think of us as individuals or as Jews.

It is pointless to fight the blind prejudice which does exist. It is born of stupidity and emotion. Neither is vulnerable to logic and reason. Let us rather reconstruct our relations with those Gentiles who are reasonable human beings. We can never do this if we dwell bitterly on the injustices we have met and for which these reasonable Gentiles are not responsible. Recriminations breed only self-righteousness and a strengthened spirit of martyrdom. Let us not look at our Gentile neighbors only with accusing eyes; let us have the strength to turn our eyes and thoughts inward. Let us look to the promise of the future rather than the scars of the past, and then, perhaps, we may find it possible to be at once good Jews as well as good neighbors. It will be easy then, because we shall have returned from the Wailing Wall to the normal paths of life.

Next month:
"Make Peace with Your Landlord,"
by Janet Mabie

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The Maternity Racket

by **BETTIE DILBECK**

My introduction to the maternity racket came when, as a novice so to speak, I shopped for maternity clothes. (The simple expedient of buying such things in the "fashionable stouts" department had not yet occurred to me.) An exquisite blending of the sentimental and the scientific permeated the maternity section of the store to which I went before my first baby came. The clerks were motherly looking souls who "understood" and graduate nurses in uniforms who wore lugubrious expressions, evidently to agree with or impress on the customer that the business at hand was nothing to be taken lightly.

The portentous theme running through the patter of the expert fitters was "at this time, my dear." I gathered from their sympathetic flutterings that I should not permit mere materialism to mar the joy of impending motherhood.

"At this time, my dear, you should indulge your every whim. You owe it to yourself, your husband, and your child to keep yourself in a happy frame of mind. Certainly this is no time to think too much about expenses."

That sort of insidious wisdom from an understanding heart accompanied the fittings of ugly dresses and trick girdles. To the same tune I was invited to be fitted for maternity evening wraps and maternity evening shoes. (It seemed one must not neglect the gayer side of life At This Time.) On my refusal to permit a registered nurse to show me the latest in layettes and to answer any question I might have pertaining to my Condition, the very air was laden with misgivings for my child. I finally fled the place before my clerk and the officious R.N. called the local Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. I wore a dowdy $25 maternity dress and a remarkable $10 girdle, looked ten years older, and was practically convinced that I very likely should become the mother of a future inmate of the State penitentiary.

Gangway for Baby!

In a milder-than-ordinary sense, I use the term *racket* to describe the compulsive propaganda of those who sell services, articles, and preparations for prenatal and child care. My observations are based on experience gained as the mother of three children, the eldest of whom is only seven. That is, my experience is current.

It is a sweet, gentle racket and invokes erudite pseudoscientific dissertations intermixed with lovely sentimental twitterings. Coercion in the maternity racket? Dear me, no — not unless you count solemn threats of social stigma and insidious suggestions of rickets, social maladjustment, colic, dementia praecox, diaper rash, inferiority complex, and all other ills and evils of infancy, adolescence, maturity, and senility. (Those who sell things for child care cannot be too emphatic in warning that the dietary and other mistakes made by parents live after them.) Yes, that's all there is to the maternity racket. Indeed, that's all that's necessary.

The racket flourishes on the simple premise that parents flee in horror from a suggestion that they are not doing their utmost for their offspring, are not "modern" parents, or are not doing all that their friends and neighbors are doing.

True, my experience in shopping for maternity clothes was in a leading Chicago specialty store some few years ago, but the same general patter is still customary, even in department-store basements. Basement shoppers also may

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have the advice of a trained nurse. Such assistance, upstairs or down, ordinarily includes advice to buy several "belly bands," use of which doctors abandoned years ago. Cotton shirts for babies are now preferred to the more expensive woolen garments, but many of the stores will try to include a few of these in every layette, because "baby comes from a warm climate — ha ha!"

Another service offered by the stores is courses in child psychology and child care given by an expert on the subject. Sometimes a small fee is charged. On the way out of the store, of course, members of the class are at liberty to visit the regular maternity section and see the newest in layettes and the latest gadgets to simplify motherhood.

Books on child care and kindred subjects may be rented from the maternity sections of almost all the big stores. Such books are also available at the public libraries, which, of course, have nothing to sell. One may receive free of charge a series of excellent handbooks on child training and prenatal care from the government, which also has nothing to sell.

It may be significant here to recall that nearly ten years ago a distinguished home-economics editor wrote a book on merchandising in which she predicted that in the coming year there would be born 2,500,000 babies, putting into circulation about $375,000,000. She believed "special catering" to this purchasing power was somewhat neglected and urged druggists and department store men to "bestir" themselves. She pointed out that a few live druggists and department-store men did go so far as to hold series of informal meetings for mothers, at which doctors, nurses, etc. spoke on child care, and added that this was the sort of consumer contact in which she thoroughly believed. Contemplation of present-day "special catering" should leave the author delirious with joy.

From a Los Angeles pediatrician I learned of an interesting arrangement, between one of the great department stores and a dairy, that he was invited to join. It was proposed that he conduct regular tours of the store and wind up in the maternity section, where he would deliver himself of a few homilies on the importance of pure milk for children and, ever so casually, mention the virtues of the milk sold by the dairy involved. His would-be sponsors offered as inducement many new "contacts" for the doctor.

The quasi-ritualistic antics of the high-pressure obstetricians could make a separate story. I mention them here only as a highly specialized phase of the maternity racket.

For instance, I know an obstetrician who uses twilight sleep exclusively and insists on a nurse of his own selection to watch the patient during the delivery period — something like six hours — for which the patient is charged $25. If high forceps are deemed necessary, another $25 is added to the doctor's bill.

Initial examinations by the high-pressure lads are truly impressive occasions, with white-uniformed attendants, clutching test tubes and charts, solemnly leading the patient from one room of vastly impressive equipment to another. Calcium and metabolism tests ($10 or more each) in addition to routine examinations make swell business with which to reduce a patient to awe and with which, in turn, the patient may impress her friends. Obstetricians who take the whole matter of reproduction casually say, however, that such tests are necessary only in special cases.

Another practice gaining favor is that of prescribing sodium amytol as a nightly sedative months before and after delivery. A glass of sherry or warm milk is usually efficacious — but that is something to be expected in any country doctor's prescription.

Every Baby Is "Unique"!

Let us consider now the cult of the pediatrician, whose work begins where obstetrics leaves off. At various times I have subscribed to the regular "well baby" service of the pediatricians and have no quarrel with it, so long as it does not make neurotics out of mother and child through slavish dependence on it. The service does provide comforting moral support, and a young mother can unload all responsibility for her baby's physical welfare onto her pediatrician's shoulders. The knowledge that advice is close as the telephone is often, alone, worth the monthly rate charged by the doctor. Another advantage in subscribing to the well-baby service is that one never need be left out of bridge-table chatter.

But in pediatrics, possibly even more than in obstetrics, the opportunity for hokum is apparent. Many up-and-coming pediatricians

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have built up their business on a mystic elaboration of two simple truths — that creation of a human being is a miracle and that no two babies are alike. A young mother is made to realize fully that her baby is different, different, different! "We have here a distinct and forceful little personality, to be treated as such," the pediatrician rumbles in bedtime-story tones. The mother is expected to perceive likewise that the feat she and her husband have achieved in creation of this personality is somewhat unique. If it is her first baby the usual result is that she is completely awed by her new responsibility. I have noticed, too, that most women have little trouble in enlisting their husbands in this attitude. Both parents of a new baby commonly refer to "Our Pediatrician" in much the same reverent tones they would use in speaking of their Deity.

A general practitioner in a wealthy suburban community gave me my first insight into the mysteries of high-pressure pediatrics. My five months' old daughter had an earache which happened to have been preceded by a fall from a bed onto a thick carpet. The doctor wanted an X-ray made. When that $10 photograph was presented to him he dramatically refused to look at it. He said he did little pediatrics any more and would be loath to attempt a diagnosis. The best thing was to send for a pediatrician friend from the city (a young man of great promise, he declared) whom he had known in school. I was a stranger in the community and so inquired whether there wasn't a pediatrician here in the village. There were several, it seemed, but, confidentially, it were better to call his friend from the city.

I agreed, then, and spent the next few hours pacing the floor at home, awaiting him. The baby was my first, and this was her first illness, which surely must be serious, I thought, if a general practitioner would not "attempt a diagnosis." When the pediatrician arrived I was struck by his youth and his intensely serious manner. In a careful scrutiny of the X-ray picture he could find no connection between the baby's earache and her fall but, with much ado and on five or six sheets of note paper, he prescribed a diet and simple drops for ear and nose — and charged me $10.

The fee, of course, was not more than most doctors charge for suburban calls, but I no doubt could have saved myself about $20 of the total $23 bill had I gone directly to a village pediatrician. Now that I recall the incident, that was my original intention, but, when I called the local professional building and asked the switchboard operator for the name of a pediatrician, I was summarily connected with a chiropodist! What with a screaming baby at my side, I felt in no mood for horseplay with telephone operators, so, rather than try that one again, I took the baby to the doctor of an acquaintance — all of which rather makes it appear that what doesn't happen by design in the maternity racket happens by chance.

Baby Eats Out of Cans

Of course, as a new mother-without-benefit-of-pediatrics, so far, I was given a sales talk on the well-baby service of the young pediatrician's "group," which I later learned was quite the most fashionable one in the city. During his visit the young doctor dropped the information that a certain low-priced corn sirup on the market contains the same food value and other essentials as the well-known and expensive proprietary baby food that I used. He said they gave the sirup to the poor children attending their clinics at medical school, "with gratifying results." I think that is a fair example of the subtle class appeal on which certain phases of the maternity racket operate. For poor children, corn sirup — but for *your* children, Blah's Baby Food. (I subsequently used the corn sirup myself for my second baby, "with gratifying results.")

As for canned vegetables — surely only a moron would contend that they are not a pleasure to use, and their preparation is certainly more convenient than cooking and sieving fresh vegetables; but I believe that is probably their main advantage over the waterless cooking methods used in most kitchens. Cooking and sieving vegetables day in and day out, however, remains purely and simply a bore. (And what a bore!) Thus, when an understanding pediatrician says he believes an intelligent woman might better spend her time developing her child's personality, attending to its social adjustments, seeing that all reflexes are properly conditioned, etc., his words are balm to the troubled soul of the busy mother. She willingly spends as much money for one or two servings of carrots as for a week's supply bought *au naturel*. Anyway, after the super-

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human feat of producing a baby, Mother must conserve her strength. She is also naturally a bit high-strung just now.

The more rational obstetricians have their own quarrel with the pediatricians who cater to this "high-strung" condition of *post partum* patients, contending that they are overwilling to permit patients to abandon hope of producing breast milk and then prescribe formulas containing patent foods.

Choose Your Hospital Carefully

Hospitals harbor another interesting aspect of the maternity racket. It is common knowledge that one does not get far inside a private institution of mercy before some demanding palm has been crossed with silver and, often, a note for the approximate balance — regardless of one's credentials or emergency needs as a patient. Hospitals cannily assume that pregnancy is one condition known indubitably long before confinement and, therefore, that adequate financial provisions should have been made to meet their own terms without fail. Thus there is a definite scale of payment. The hospital is prepared to extract its toll before the obstetricians, pediatricians, drugstores, dairies, baby laundries, and others have had their innings.

Ostensibly, the flat hospital rate is equitable — but one must not be surprised to find ergot or any other such simple specific charged as an extra in the final bill. One would do well also to determine whether the flat rate of one hospital, appearing to be $10 or so less than that of another institution, includes delivery-room and anesthetist fees and other items that might be taken for granted before the blessed event.

There is also the interesting matter of the circumcision room in most hospitals. Circumcision may be performed in less than five minutes in the doctor's office when the baby is a few weeks old. But is it done that way in the majority of cases? Decidedly not. The little future quarterback must have the very best; so he has it in the scientific and sterilized aura of the circumcision room, use of which costs from $5 to $20, while the doctor's bill may be another $10 or more.

While such hospital practices can survive because of a tenacious legend that lack of hospitalization is little short of criminal neglect in maternity cases, they cannot be said to appeal to sentiment. For a nice example of that there is the happy custom of a famous Hollywood institution. If a patient there wishes to keep as a souvenir the identification necklace placed around the baby's neck at birth, she may do so — by paying the hospital $1.50.

Here Come the Vitamins

During her sojourn in the hospital, a maternity patient is bombarded by mail with much fascinating literature. All of this printed matter is embellished with storks, chubby babies in bassinettes, and the like, but there is no froth in the texts. Instead, there are scientific appeals to the modern mother — the mother who realizes her time might better be spent on the development of Baby's personality than on washing diapers; who realizes how important it is that each ounce of Baby's weight be accurately recorded; who is intelligent enough to face facts and can understand the desirability of an insurance policy for Baby; who realizes that Baby's future health depends on correct fitting of his first shoes; who understands why it is essential to Baby's spiritual development to have scientifically constructed nursery furniture; who knows that no ordinary photographic methods can catch the individuality of *her* baby; and who knows why, oh goodness, yes — if Nature does not see fit to provide mother's milk, Baby must have the certified raw, the Grade A pasteurized, or the Vitamin D milk from a remarkable dairy.

The Vitamin D milk is only one item in the Parade of the Vitamins marching, in all their scientific glory, upon Mother. Besides the milk and, of course, cod-liver oil, she soon learns about vitamin-laden breakfast foods, bread, oranges, powdered chocolate, and (believe it or not) soap. For an interesting analysis of the vitamin D milk question one need only dicker with drivers for two rival dairies, one of whom is staking all on pasteurized Jersey and the other counting desperately on selling the more scientific vitamin D product. The sales talk of the latter may well be imagined, but the driver plugging for pasteurized Jersey will confide that there is no depending on a cow. She may get a dose of cod-liver oil or a series of "light treatments," but it is too much to expect (he will say) that she can put the proper amount, if any, of the precious vitamin D into her milk stream.

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Manufacturers of proprietary foods and baby needs, in fostering the helplessness of new mothers and thus keeping them vulnerable to the compulsions of the maternity racket, emphasize the "consult your doctor" motif. Consult your doctor about when to start So-and-So's canned foods; about the virtues of a certain toilet seat or a nonirritating talcum powder or a new type of nursing bottle, and so on — ad absurdum, ad nauseam.

Other Pests

A FINE FLIGHT of advertising recently inaugurated by manufacturers of noncompeting baby needs is the Baby Box. The box includes from nine to twelve samples, with folders and reply postcards, and is delivered to some 20,000 homes in 250 leading cities each month. For the privilege of thus greeting mother and child when they arrive home from the hospital and presumably are in the market for baby needs, each manufacturer pays $1,000 a month.

The appeal of maternity advertising is ordinarily to the sentimental, to the scientific, and to class consciousness. Most of it is merely amusing, but toadying to snobbery reached a new zenith recently when a chubby baby in an advertisement grew solemnly grateful because his mother was a college graduate and hence understood what laxative to give him. Compilers of catalogues for institutes of higher learning should be particularly grateful.

Following is a bit of deathless literature concocted by a dairy in New York:

> Dear Baby —
>
> We are certainly happy to hear that you finally got here safe and sound. Mother was beginning to worry about you. She used to sit at the window for hours looking for you.
>
> The world is a very nice place. And very big. Ever so much bigger than your crib. It has sunshine — most of the time — which you will like because it is bright gold and makes you feel warm in the funniest way. There are colors, too — beautiful colors that you'll want to eat.
>
> We hope you'll let us come and see you some time. But, of course, we'll have to wait until you've met all your uncles and aunts and cousins and things. They come first.
>
> Get plenty of rest. You need it after your long journey. For your mother's sake you must get as strong and healthy as possible. And if there's any way in which we can help — drop us a line and we'll come a-running.
>
> Sincerely,
> THE ——— PEOPLE.

Some insurance companies, like other interests with things to sell, lose no time in offering their services to the parents of a new baby. Pamphlets and brochures replete with alarming statistics on the infant mortality rate make cheerful reading for the convalescent mother.

A minor annoyance of the maternity racket is the long and tireless parade of photographers at the door and on the telephone as soon as mother and baby return from the hospital. I have no data on the merchandising methods for announcement cards. All I know is that the inscriptions on most of them are incredibly silly.

Post Partum

SOME TIME after Mother has returned from the hospital, convinced, by gladsome words of people with things to sell, that she has achieved an impressive and heroic feat, there intrudes an alien note in the beautiful rhapsody of motherhood. Unexpectedly, the postman drops in with literature describing powders, tablets, etc., for "feminine hygiene." Sometimes samples are enclosed. A delightful surprise.

Now, if I do not assume that this occurrence at this particular time is purely fortuitous, its import to me is substantially thus: "While we know that having a baby is a lovely experience, we'll wager it is one you will not want to repeat very soon. Therefore, study the enclosed carefully and read the testimonials of satisfied users."

Of course, perhaps it's all a coincidence.

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Life after Death

by **DENIS CONAN DOYLE**

SINCE THE beginning of religious time, mankind has held a belief in some form of existence after the death of the physical body. The adherents of almost every form of religion, from the crudest and most primitive fetish worship down through the erudite Far Eastern religions to religion in today's forms, have believed, with variations, in some sort of survival after death.

Certain African tribes believe that the spirit of a dead man returns in the form of an elemental entity which has to be placated with burnt offerings and weird incantations. The Danish Vikings firmly believed in Valhalla, the warrior heaven to which all those killed in battle ascended. The Hindus enrich their earthly lives by contemplation of the nirvana which awaits their souls after death. The natural bravery of the Mohammedans in battle is accentuated by their belief that death is not a misfortune but a gate which leads to paradise. In some of the earlier religions the belief in an existence beyond the grave was so literal and so entirely mundane in conception that the deceased was always interred with every conceivable household object — food, articles of clothing, etc. — necessary to sustain him on his journey into the Beyond.

Thus it may be seen that there is nothing new in the idea of a life or state of consciousness after the death of the physical body. The belief is as old as religion itself, but it is only within the last 100 years or so that humanity has been in a position to *prove* for itself that which it has so long accepted on faith alone. It is now possible to establish proof that personality of the individual continues after death, which is accomplished by the fact that it is now possible to get into communication with the spiritual selves of those who have died, of those who are themselves existing in that comprehensive hereafter which has for so long been an object of speculation, both optimistic and pessimistic, for humanity on earth. In order to avoid misconception of the facts, however, it is necessary somewhat to qualify the foregoing statements.

Positive and demonstrable proof of survival after death and the possibility of communication between this world and the next has *always* been possible, and was accepted and practiced almost as commonplace in scriptural times. Holy writ is full of allusions to a spiritual life and spiritual powers, and the fact of survival and the possibility of communicating with those who have "passed on" was taken as a matter of course. The life and teaching of Christ demonstrated a spiritual life which psychic knowledge endorses. This knowledge provides irrefutable proof of individual survival, which, in turn, substantiates a Biblical proof of the survival of Christ.

The greatest example and the purest proof of both the possibility and the desirability of individual survival and return was provided by the resurrection of our Lord.

But since the early Christian Era it has been rendered far commoner, much easier, more accessible, and more readily comprehensible to mankind as a whole (especially in the last century or so), by reason of the enormous increase of individuals who possess psychic faculties — men and women who are termed mediums and who possess certain involuntary powers, about

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which we still have much to learn and with the full range and scope of which we are still unacquainted, which enable them to act as impersonal channels of communication between this world and the next state of existence.

"Spiritual Wireless"

The fact that certain individuals should be naturally endowed with these gifts while others are not is no more incomprehensible than the fact that certain people are born with a genius for music while others do not know one note from another. Mediums serve a parallel purpose, as it were, to telephones or radios operating between two different countries. The simile is quite applicable, although most mediumship is relatively unsatisfactory in its average accuracy. Distorted messages are somewhat similar to inaccurate telegrams or cables which reach the recipient in slightly different form from that in which they left the sender's mind.

In this connection, however, I should wish to emphasize the fact that mediumship which is based on psychic power, however good, will always be incomplete and unsatisfactory compared with the functions of seership, which operates not through psychic but through *spiritual* powers. Seership rather than mediumship is the ultimate means of contacting the higher realms, and the former will supersede the latter as humanity comes to realize that every individual man and woman can develop his own "spiritual wireless" through his own spiritual growth.

Nowadays the man or woman who flatly proclaims that there is no possibility of there being any form of individual consciousness after death and who asserts that no faculties other than our five physical senses can possibly exist is considered ill-informed and behind the times, even by people who are not spiritualists. One ever increasing factor of modern life which has helped to inculcate the above change in the public mentality is the comparatively modern discovery of the radio. We have come to accept that marvelous means of direct and instantaneous verbal communication, by which the whole world may be encircled in a few seconds, as an everyday commonplace in the home — a modern and automatic convenience which even a schoolboy can construct for himself. But, if you or I had claimed only 25 years ago to possess a mechanical contrivance by means of which we were enabled to hear a German speaking from Berlin or an Italian from Rome and, by further manipulation of a button, to be able to listen to a news bulletin in French from Paris, we should not only have been disbelieved; we should have been considered insane cranks, people who claimed something which was absolutely impossible. And yet today that same absolute impossibility is a proven and accepted fact! It is an unwise man who is prepared to commit himself to the positive assertion that anything at all, including such hypotheses as the existence of a future life and the possibility of interspherical communication are impossible.

I am sure that the readers of The Forum will appreciate the fact that it is a manifest impossibility for me to give more than a minute percentage of the proof which could be submitted to establish evidence of survival. I shall have to confine my attempt to establish at least a prima-facie case for survival to recounting two brief instances of evidential communication from individuals in the next sphere of existence to people in this world. Both cases are typical, rather than exceptional, examples of the fact that those who have "passed on" can communicate in such a way as to eliminate telepathy and the intrusion of the subconscious mind by providing us either with highly evidential proof of personal identity or with certain information wholly unknown to any single person on earth.

A Message of Love

The following is a touching and simple true story, illustrating the fact that sometimes a message which is incomprehensible to anyone but the recipient may be so overwhelmingly evidential to that one person that it will prove to that individual the fact of survival of personality more surely than could any amount at all of philosophy or rhetoric from the other side.

A young woman in London lost her husband in a motorcar accident and, after the funeral in London, was driving to her home in the country when her car struck a small bird. She immediately stopped the car, got out, and picked up the bird to see if she could do anything to save it. She found, however, that it was dying and she whispered to it: "If there really is another

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world, then go to my husband there and tell him that my love is always with him." Needless to say she refrained from telling anyone of this little incident.

Shortly afterward she had occasion to call on a certain woman, not a medium, who has spiritual powers which sometimes take the form of visions. This woman greeted the young widow (who, incidentally, was a stranger to her), with the following remark: "Your husband came to me in a vision and gave me a message, the meaning of which I cannot understand, for you. Your husband seemed to be holding a little bird in his two hands, and he asked me to tell you that the little bird had brought to him your love."

No theory of telepathy, no intrusion of the subconscious mind could serve as an explanation of the foregoing simple facts. We can unwisely ignore such facts if we choose but, if we face them honestly and with mental integrity, we can reach only one positive conclusion: that the personalities of those who die *do* survive and that under certain conditions it is possible for them to prove that fact to persons in this world.

Arthur Conan Doyle Communicates

Since my father, the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, died on July 7, 1930, he has been in communication with the members of his family on fairly numerous occasions. Every time that he has made contact he has provided irrefutable proof of his own identity, leaving no doubt whatever as to the personality of the communicator. Whenever he contacts he shows that he is fully aware of all that has occurred in his family since his previous communication, and on several special occasions I have had the benefit of his advice on matters relating to different aspects of my personal and business life.

I should wish to emphasize the fact that this advice is offered only on such occasions as it is really needed, for my father realizes as well as I do that too much advice from any source may have an injurious effect on the recipient, who may cease to develop his own powers of judgment and initiative and who may fail to derive constructive benefit from experience of the different phases and aspects of life. On those occasions when my father has given me information, warnings, or advice I have never once known him to be wrong. He always shows an intimate and detailed knowledge of the private, business, or personal matter at issue, and on those occasions when I have been foolish enough to ignore his advice I have invariably bitterly regretted it.

My father has given me exceedingly interesting information regarding the great spiritual laws which govern the afterlife existence in the higher realms, just as certain material and physical laws regulate and control our temporal existence, and he has given particularly valuable information regarding the possibility of bringing certain of those spiritual laws to bear on life, both individual and national, in this world.

Here is an example of how practical and useful a form my father's advice, sent from the other side, sometimes takes:

About five years ago, in England, I was anxious to purchase a certain type of very powerful supercharged sports car, of a make which is not common and in which my choice of individual machines was therefore limited. There were only two of these cars which I thought would adequately fulfill my requirements — one being colored red and the other blue. The former was selling at a very reasonable figure and seemed the more suitable in every way. The latter, which I had inspected previously, had since been sold, and was no longer available. I, therefore, gave up any idea of acquiring it and decided to purchase, through an agent, the first car.

Then I received an unexpected message from my father, through his own special source of communication. The message was simply this: "Do not buy the red car. There is an unsuspected weakness on the left side of the cylinder block."

I could not understand this, as the car in question was considered to be in excellent condition by those who were familiar with it.

My father went on to say: "Try for the blue car. It is better for you than the red."

In view of this message, I abandoned the idea of acquiring the red machine, in spite of the fact that it fulfilled every requirement and was selling at a very low price. I instructed my agent to endeavor to persuade the new owner of the blue car to sell it, but the latter absolutely and emphatically declined to do so, declaring that he was delighted with the machine and

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would not part with it for any monetary consideration whatever.

I reported this impasse to my father, who was apparently fully aware of the position. I told him that the car simply was not obtainable, to which he replied: "Make your offer yourself and not through others. Telephone the owner tonight and you will find that he will sell you the car, owing to a sudden and unexpected change in his own plans. You will not be able to take actual possession of the car, however, for three days, as it will not be available until then."

As I had never known my father's advice to be wrong, I decided to do as he suggested, although it seemed a hopeless proposition in view of the complete failure of my agent's repeated attempts. Consequently I telephoned the owner that evening and said: "I should like to buy your car but I understand that it is definitely not for sale. Is that so?"

He replied: "Yes, the car suits me splendidly, and nothing would induce me to part with it normally, but I have just heard that I have to leave very unexpectedly for America at short notice and for that reason I am willing to sell you the car at your own price." He went on to add: "I am afraid that you cannot take delivery of it for three days, however, as it will not be available until then."

Thus, owing entirely to my father's advice, I came into possession of a car which has suited me most admirably and which has adequately fulfilled all my requirements.

Shortly afterward I met the agent who had secured for me the red car, against which I was warned, believing, as did everyone, that it was in good condition. Needless to say, I was much interested when he remarked, "It is just as well that you decided not to buy that red machine, for its new owner has found an unsuspected crack on the left side of the cylinder block"!

Provable Survival

In both the instances of communication which I have cited, information was given which was of such a nature as to be unknown to anyone on earth. If one is prepared to judge the facts on their own merits, honestly and without prejudice, one can reach only one tenable conclusion, namely, that the transmittors of the information were discarnate individuals who had made the great and yet natural change which is inevitable to all mankind, who had passed from this world to the next sphere of existence. I do not believe that any impartial observer could fail to realize that the communicators not only retained their individual personalities but were able, under the right circumstances, to convey to their loved ones on earth information which could emanate from no mundane source.

It should be realized that these two cases are only typical of thousands of such instances of interspherical communication, and, when inviting the readers of The Forum to reach their own conclusions, I should wish to remind them of one very pertinent and significant fact which should be borne carefully in mind, i.e., that, if one single case of survival and return should be finally proved beyond any possible doubt or dispute, then the whole fact of *demonstrable* survival after death and the possibility of communication is incontrovertibly and finally established.

I am aware that many thousands of people have had experiences similar to those two which I have recounted and I daresay that some of the readers of this publication have had "supernormal" experience of warnings received in vision or when asleep, of unreasoning intuitions or sudden "hunches" which have proved wholly justifiable, all of which are merely different and varying manifestations of the same whole.

I trust that my readers will acquit me of any desire to proselytize or to coerce their opinions in any way, a fact which I should wish to emphasize, as I should myself resent any attempt to force conviction on me by any individual, however well-meaning he might be and however desirable the conviction in question might be. In conclusion, however, I have no hesitation whatever in asserting that the subject of provable life after death is by far the most important, the most personal, and the most interesting which can engage the attention either of the individual or of the community. Single or collective energies cannot be turned to any end more enduringly profitable than the study and personal experience of this comprehensive and all-embracing subject, knowledge of which is of equal application and equal advantage to every living man, woman, and child upon this earth.

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Is Installment Buying Sound?

A Debate

I—Mortgaging The Future for Disaster

***by* CHARLES F. RONAYNE**

YOU CANNOT build a sound or even a safe national economy by enormously discounting future expectations.

Incredible that, although still badly crippled in 1937 from precisely this mistake in 1929, we should be needing such a warning. Yet here we are in 1937, buying on credit (charge-account and installment) at an estimated annual rate of close to 40 per cent of our total purchases, as against the 30-per-cent rate which got us into trouble in 1929! In 1936 the rate was 35 per cent (according to A. W. Zelomek, of the International Statistical Bureau). That is to say, out of a total of $37,500,000,000 of total purchases in America in 1936, those made on credit amounted to $13,000,000,000. In 1929 they amounted to $15,000,000,000 out of a total of $49,000,000,000, or 30 per cent. Thus we see that in 1936 we surpassed the proportion of credit buying of even the mad year of 1929. In 1937 we will not only surpass the 1929 proportion but will fairly closely approximate the volume in dollars also.

Out of this total credit buying, the strictly installment-buying percentage is not very precisely known. The government's annual credit survey of fourteen trades for 1936, finished in June, indicates a definite increase over 1935, however (12.8 per cent in 1935 to fourteen per cent in 1936). The total volume of installment selling, as fixed by the government for 1936, is $4,500,000,000, as against $6,500,000,000 for 1929 and $3,500,000,000 for 1935. But the government's figures are known to be *below* the true figures to some extent, for various reasons. The New York Trust Company has estimated the 1936 installment sales (inclusive of wholesale operations) as $9,000,000,000. This would mean (because of lengthened payment terms) that an average outstanding volume of installment debt of all kinds totaling not far from $4,000,000,000 is nowadays constantly in existence.

The installment incubus has spread very far from its original terrain (pianos, furniture, etc.) and is now in automobiles, radios, electric appliances of many kinds, oil burners, stokers, air conditioning, fuel oil, coal, jewelry, clothing, heating and plumbing, tires and accessories, and lumber and building materials; and (through the ten-payment plans of department stores) it is penetrating into every type of goods. You can today buy a shirt and tie or needle and spool of thread or a handkerchief or even a canary on the installment plan! Installment selling was once confined to "hard" goods, long-life goods, but is now extended widely to "soft," quickly consumed goods, although dry-goods credit authorities are protesting (in vain). The fields in which it is rising are auto accessories, jewelry, automobiles, men's clothing, and electrical appliances.

The credit men of the country are themselves aware of the need of curbing installment buying. The *Credit World*, of January last, reported that a poll of credit men showed that 77.3 per cent believed that their most important problem was retail credit control. A leader expressed the situation as follows:

> The bosses have been stung by this bug of more installment selling, and it is up to credit executives to show them where they are wrong.

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Another, also condemning increased installment selling, said:

> Then, too, we know that a customer who is paid up and not using the long-term contract is a customer who is ready to purchase more.

Credit men are of the opinion generally that there is now brewing a great, ruthless, unwise *credit competition*, each seller offering more and more easy terms and the finance companies and thousands of banks pressing hard for consumer credit loans, known to be safe and lucrative. (We have had the "nothing down and $1 a week" seller with us since the Fabulous Twenties, and he is still undiscouraged.) Oil burners and other electrical appliances, as well as clothes and furniture and jewelry, are sold on a "nothing down" basis. Twenty-eight months to pay, while acceptance of many "borderline risks" are common. The 1.22-per-cent repossession figure, which is high, penalizes the honest installment payee for the risk, for naturally he must bear the cost of installment loss.

II

It is well at this point to inquire why this new flood of installment buying has come upon us. The answer is only too easy. The people of America have lived very thinly in the past seven years. They are merchandise hungry, pleasure and luxury hungry. They want again the good things of the 'twenties, of which many have been deprived for a long time. New, attractive goods are being offered. The installment plan has been shorn of some of its more obvious greed and excess cost. It has been applied, also, to many more articles and in new ways, such as the four- or ten-payment plan of department stores. There are more "finance companies" offering more machinery for the installment business. All over the country banks have gone into the business, because of the decline of business borrowing. There is money in billions begging to be employed in time-payment financing. The depression experience in installment collection developed the technique to a high point of efficiency. Vast new machinery is in existence today, experienced and eager, to operate a deferred-payment economy.

This great deferred-payment machine is finding more and more ways to function, ways unheard-of before. We are actually starting in now to train *children* to buy "on time." The Marlin Firearms Company is now selling air rifles to boys on a ten-cent-a-day installment plan! Chain clothing stores (Howard and Bond stores, Wallach's, and Weber & Heilbroner, for example) which have always sold for cash or ordinary credit are selling on a ten-payment basis; so are a great many retail stores which have never even had charge accounts, as well as some which have. There is virtually nothing which cannot be bought "on time," in contrast with the days when only a few things could be purchased in this manner. A question is quite properly raised: To what extent has the major original motive for installment buying, namely, home building and equipping, been replaced by a less substantial motive, namely, the desire for luxury? I should say: By 60 per cent.

The automobile is of course an immense factor in rolling up deferred-payment totals. The General Motors Acceptance Corporation figures (although including refrigerators) give some idea of the rise in volume: from $412,000,000 in 1932 to $1,300,000,000 in 1936, a total higher than 1929 and rising rapidly in 1937. The cash buyer of autos appears to be more and more a rarity, as many people well able to pay cash choose the time-payment plan.

The department store is the outstanding newcomer in the field and is rolling up immense installment gains: 34.6 per cent in 1936 over 1935. Furthermore, the average installment purchase per customer was $79.31 as compared with $69.36 in 1935. Its charge-account credit business was never greater (48 per cent of total sales), but the installment volume is now over ten per cent in addition, making a grand total of credit selling of close to $4,000,000,000. In 1937 it is accepted that the department-store installment total will go to $650,000,000. The mail-order houses are turning over $200,000,000 annually in installment sales.

III

Those who are interested in installment-finance operations explain their readiness to provide the money for time selling by saying that the depression proved that installment selling was not highly risky; they got the money due them or got the goods back, in all but a very small percentage of cases. But what they do not tell is the other side of the picture

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— the iron discipline they used to force installment buyers to pay, the large number of repossessions (goods seized for nonpayment of installments), and the losses suffered by such buyers of all payments previously made. Nor do they speak of the charge they make to customers for installment buying, the near-usurious interest which they collect in one form or another.

The time-payment contracts are fearful and wonderful legal documents which installment buyers rarely read through, and they give the financing company just about every imaginable hold on the consumer. All is well if he pays on the dot, but, if he falls behind, the system is relentless and merciless. No wonder the installment-finance companies boast that the losses are small (less than 0.5 per cent)! The other debtors get only what is left, if a consumer has difficulties; the installment collector is expert in "getting his" first.

When the story of the depression is fully told, it will be in large part a story of those who fought valiantly to keep up payments, often denying proper subsistence to their families, only in the end to lose all. The time-payment collector has become the American drill sergeant, brusquely making the American people goose-step to monthly collections, and the system has notoriously undermined the American spirit and character, once so thrifty and independent. It is an indolent, haphazard, untidy, and unsound philosophy of life that wants to have today the rewards of tomorrow's earnings and which is not insulted if tomorrow comes and there are no earnings and a rude and insolent time-payment collector promptly pushes into the front door and takes away the refrigerator, the radio, or the rug. The philosophy that is alluringly fostered is: "Why think about tomorrow? Pay a dollar down and get your heart's delight at once — and then let the installment collector worry."

Under such a philosophy it is notorious that installment buyers don't pay attention to the real nature of the terms exacted. Until recent years the actual cost of installment buying was as high as 24 per cent or more on unpaid balances. Today most installment companies have been shamed out of this high rate, and they have reduced it, but it is still about half that high. The six-per-cent claim sometimes made is definitely misleading, and even the well-known automobile companies have been forced recently by the Federal Trade Commission to drop it, since it is not true that their plans represent six-per-cent *simple interest*. It is six per cent on the *original unpaid balance*, about eleven per cent on the *average unpaid balance*, which is something quite different. Worse than all, there are a number of installment sellers (especially used-car dealers) who actually *pad* the charges, brazenly adding arbitrary dollars to the monthly bill, hoping the purchaser won't notice. This is of course, plain embezzlement, and some of the finance companies aid the dishonest sellers in their graft by remitting the overcharge.

IV

I AM CONVINCED that installment selling (except in a very limited field of productive goods) is a fungus on our economic health as well as our general psychology and philosophy of life. It is quite possibly the greatest threat today to our stability. I am by no means alone in this point of view. Leon Henderson, government economist, is also of the belief that we have gone far past the danger mark in installment volume. Even J. Anton Hagios, manager of the credit division of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, was reported as disturbed at the high volume of installment-credit selling, especially of "soft" goods, that is rolling up like a snowball. Bankers and economists generally, and even the New Deal administrators are worried. Lewis H. Pierson, Vice-President of the Irving Trust Company of New York, early in July warned the financial world that credit expansion ought to be tightened up.

We have all a job ahead of us, to rid ourselves of the vicious notion that we can increasingly use tomorrow's labor and capital for today's enjoyment, leaving tomorrow to take care of itself and of its horde of bill collectors. Nothing sets so grave a trap for prosperity as this. We admit it to be an error so far as buying securities on credit is concerned ($8,500,000,000 was our guilty total in 1929) but we have not yet learned the same lesson as to luxuries and semi-luxuries. Brokers' loans are down to $1,000,000,000 now, and that is something like normal, but we still seem to be blowing other bubbles that are quite as unsubstantial and treacherous.

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II—The Little Man Needs Credit

by ARTHUR J. MORRIS

THE ARGUMENT against installment selling is old, and it does not stand analysis. Why should only the businessman and the rich charge-account customer have available the convenience of credit buying, while the poor and the less well-to-do are required to pay cash? If the principle of installment selling is wrong, then the principle of selling on open charge accounts is still more wrong. The businessman buys on 30 to 40 days' credit quite as a matter of course, without even paying interest. He also borrows money on interest to make purchases, and this is regarded as sound and orthodox. Just why is the consumer, the ordinary man, debauched by credit buying while the businessman or the well-to-do individual is not?

President Hoover's Research Committee on Social Trends in 1920 pointed out how greatly installment buying had expanded since 1910 and correctly said that the impetus came from the efforts of producers of new goods, such as the automobile, the radio, and the refrigerator, to widen their mass market. By 1929 more than half of installment sales were automobile sales; today the proportion is still greater. In 1929 installment selling had risen 600 per cent over 1910.

It is definitely a constructive thing to put into use, by means of consumer credit, productive goods — automobile, refrigerator, radio, piano, furniture, house, etc. The old method was to save money until you had the purchase price, but, just as the buying of a house on a credit basis became recognized as a constructive operation, giving a young couple the opportunity to raise a family with the important advantages of a home of its own, so the other articles are now recognized as part and parcel of standard living, to be financed in the same way without danger to character and with a considerable gain in efficiency. An electric refrigerator is far more useful to society when it is producing food economy in a home than when it is idling in a warehouse.

At the same time, the American economics of mass production is tied up in the matter. Installment buying puts *pace* into mass production. When the families of a town have no work, they can't buy goods; therefore the factory can't offer work. But, when the bank supplies money on credit to consumers, for constructive purchasing, the families of the town buy; and that makes orders which produce work for the wage earners. Forward pace is the result, instead of stalemate.

The argument that the huge volume of installment buying had anything to do with the 1929 crash is misleading. I must remind you that those who bought $8,500,000,000 of securities on their credit were not installment buyers at all; they were plain gamblers in values. An automobile, a radio, a refrigerator is in a thoroughly different category; it has tangibility and utility. It can't evaporate, as did 1929's stocks. The truth is that the installment purchases of 1929 to 1936 came to astonishingly little shipwreck, when you consider what the stock panic did to income and business. It is notorious that installments were met valiantly and that only a relatively minor proportion of repossessions occurred. Compared with the widespread loss of homes and farms, the loss of goods bought on installment was quite insignificant; yet the buying of homes on installment has always been regarded as not only wiser but also less risky.

We must keep in mind that the installment method itself has been decidedly refurbished and improved, with lower terms and higher grade operators. Fifteen years ago, installments ran almost universally for a year or under; today the term runs as high as two or three years — for homes, as high as fifteen. The formation of responsible finance companies also brought better rates. There are now about 500 such companies. Down payments for automobiles average one third of cost, while payment rates have declined since 1935 from eight to six per cent, exclusive of insurance and other fixed charges; on used cars rates have fallen from sixteen to 13.5 per cent. In refrigerators, oil burn-

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ers, washers, radios, stokers, etc., the down payments today range from ten to twenty per cent, and the term up to three years.

II

THE HUGE volume of money for installment financing is of course secured, to the extent of about 75 per cent, from banks, and it now comprises six to ten per cent of the country's bank loans. Banks themselves are directly entering the field. Thus we must not forget that a high degree of efficiency and system has been introduced into installment selling. An applicant for "time" has to answer a lot of questions, and credit is refused if the facts indicate that he is overloading himself. I won't answer, of course, for the small rabble of installment sellers who actually exploit the consumer and push him into debt on goods with an excessively high mark-up and terms which are usurious. They form only the crooked fringe, preying on the very weak.

I do not know personally of any example of a people whose character, thrift, and philosophy have been corrupted by installment buying. Some such exist, no doubt; but it is pretty generally the truth that, after one or two injudicious installment adventures beyond their depth, people learn to treat buying on installment credit quite in the same careful way they treat any credit buying. Of course installment credit, like good whisky, may be used in too large a quantity; and, when intemperate use of installment or any other kind of credit is substituted for temperate use, sooner or later destructive consequences must follow. Quite obviously care should be taken to discourage installment buying of those articles of merchandise which by their very character depreciate in value, on the average, more rapidly than the amortization of the purchase price.

The charge-account system in retail stores has notoriously been a corrupting influence for a century or more; the installment or ten-payment system (now being set up in its place by many stores) is actually an improvement and a discipline. Both in England since Thackeray's time and in America it has long been a scandal that the rich and the well-to-do abuse their charge accounts and that women bedevil their husbands with the nuisance of a string of neglected accounts which foster extravagance and irresponsibility.

The installment plan is quite as excellent a device for consumer credit as the trade acceptance has been for business credit — and for the same reasons. Both convert indefinite credit into definite credit and both help to create credit responsibility rather than destroy it. We shall most certainly have to watch installment selling and guide it, just as we must all credit. These are times of greater control of all the levers of credit.

I cannot see that the opponents of installment selling have proved any point genuinely derogatory to it in principle. Its great growth is due largely to our age of mechanics, which makes necessary in our lives so many expensive machines whose cost (as in all instances of firm or factory where machines are needed) calls for amortization in a practical manner. Some people seem to think that so large a volume of installment selling means especial danger when depression strikes, but I am convinced that, on the contrary, it has actually a stabilizing value. When, for other reasons, business slumps, credit is the very thing needed to take up the slack. The consumer should not be shut out from this advantage.

Thus there is no reason for a scare over installment selling. The very latest reliable information on the subject (Government Census of Business; June, 1937) indicates that the 1935 situation among 1,653,961 retail stores was 67.8 per cent of business at cash or C.O.D.; 21.3 per cent on open account; and 10.9 per cent on installment. This is on a total retail-sales volume of $33,125,000,000. (I realize of course that this does not cover quite all installment buying but only that of retail stores.) The figures indicate that, at the height of the depression, installment selling rose but tended in 1935 to slip back to 1929 levels. Doubtless it has risen a bit again since 1935, but I see no particular cause for alarm; there is a kind of natural saturation point for installment buying, and installment sellers are not themselves keen to let it rise further.

Next month's debate:
"Do We Have Free Will?"
by Clifford Barrett and Theodore Dreiser

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Confessions of a Professional Listener

by **ELLIS O. JONES**

To LISTEN professionally is a new racket — well, not precisely a racket nor, indeed, exactly an occupation; rather let us say a new source of income and a new outlet for human ingenuity. That should be sufficiently euphemistical.

There are already quite a number of us here in Los Angeles, and the field threatens to become overcrowded unless something happens to stem the tide. I was not the originator of the idea — just among the early pioneers. It appealed to me right away as an interesting, perhaps useful, certainly not a criminal way of replenishing a much depleted exchequer. And of course I thought it would offer a swell chance to study human nature, that is, human nature in the raw — off guard, as it were.

As usual I was wrong about most of these conclusions. True, it was moderately interesting, for a time, but for so brief a time as hardly to be worth what one would call a formal effort. It would have been quite profitable if everyone who was anxious to talk was equally anxious to pay a reasonable sum for the privilege. As for its being useful, well, anybody who is in such a forlorn mental state that he or she is willing to pay out good coin of the realm just to pour his woes into the tired ear of a perfect stranger is perhaps beyond redemption or at least needs a vastly different and more rigorous form of treatment.

The "profession" of listener is at present very, very easy to get into. One doesn't need a diploma or a license or any special background or training — just a little gall and something of a flair for novelty and adventure. There may come a time in this rapidly changing world when my profession will become so important and well recognized that a National Association of Professional Listeners will draw up elaborate tables of ethics and regulations and urge our solons to drastic legislation in the interest of all concerned but chiefly of the National Association of Professional Listeners.

But just at present we listeners have nothing to guide us. We are in what might be called the formative period of our existence. There are no authorities, and no precedents, and the profession comes pretty close to being the only activity that one can take money for without government license or licenses. And of course a listener's initial investment is practically zero, as no fancy paraphernalia is required. All you have to do is to put an ad in the "personal" column of a newspaper saying that you are in the business of listening to all comers at so much per listen and at such and such a telephone number. The fact that a "reputable" paper will take money for an ad of that sort is, at the present stage of our development, a sufficient certificate of respectability.

"And are there people who are willing to pay just to have someone listen to them?" you ask incredulously.

Yes, good sir and madam, there are plenty of them. The woods are full of them, to say nothing of the mountains and the beaches and the deserts. Especially teeming with them are the streets and hotels and apartment houses of Eden, or Los Angeles as it is sometimes called. Los Angeles is full of lonesome people, and one of the best definitions of a lonesome person is one who has nobody to talk to. Los Angeles has a larger number of these per capita than any place in the world, I guess. They are mainly pensioners of all kinds, from industry, from the civil service, from the army and navy, on annuities — detached and nonfunctioning and lonesome. There are plenty, young and old, in the remittance class, whose well-to-do relatives north, east, and south have found them unbearable at home and are willing to pay

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them substantially for staying far, far away where they cannot nag or meddle or pester.

Then of course there is an uninspiring specimen of the human kind who is a natural for a thing of this sort anyway. He is found everywhere, in fairly predictable numbers. His sort includes the borderline cases, the cranks, the egotists, the reformers, the extreme introverts, and the maladjusted in general. These soon become well known and disrespected in their own relatively circumscribed communities, such as Terre Haute or Kankakee, where they receive scant courtesy; but as members of such a loose, disjointed, and amorphous society as Los Angeles, where everything goes and goes big while it lasts, there is no standard limit to the gamut of the physical and psychical peregrinations of these gentry.

Words, Words, Words

But, lest the reader get an utterly wrong impression of the kind of folk who made up my clientele during the short and not too bitter period of my professional career, let me add that really a surprising number and variety of persons manifested an interest in my services. They were all ages and about equally of both sexes, as far as original inquiries were concerned; but among repeats it was the women who predominated. From this I draw the simple conclusion that women prefer to talk to a man listener, while men also prefer a listener of the opposite sex. They were of all classes, the poor and the rich, the educated and the uneducated, the apparently intelligent and the quite obviously unintelligent. Undoubtedly there were many out-and-out curiosity seekers among them who came just to have a squint at that strange animal called a professional listener, in about the same spirit in which they would go to look at the two-headed calf in the side show. There were many in the class of adventurers pure and simple, willing to "try anything once." And there were some who came for very special reasons, for serious investigation or research, and I will tell of one of these a little later. The majority of the people, however, were quite serious, even if bewildered, about the whole business. Mostly they wanted real help or they even wanted to be helpful in some way themselves. And there were plenty of those who were willing to assist me in listening — for a goodly share of the profits.

My fixed charges in the beginning were $2 for the first half-hour and $1 for each additional half-hour. But the theories on which this scale was formed were all wrong. In the first place, the charges were much too small. It is really much harder to listen than you can imagine if you haven't tried it, especially if you are at all conscientious about it. Then in the beginning I had the theory that the second half-hour, being easier, should be at a lower rate than the first. This is utterly erroneous. The first half-hour of anybody's line is the easiest to listen to, for almost anybody can be interesting for a brief period. But, oh, when it goes on and on and on, with endless repetitions of the same rigmarole, the pain of listening, even with calloused ears, is almost excruciating. So I had to revise my tariff. Beginning with a flat rate for the first half-hour, I then made arbitrary charges for additional time, in the same visit or for subsequent visits, in accordance with my idea of what the service was worth in each individual case, not neglecting, of course, to take into account the ability of the client to pay. For this there is the highest possible authority in the legal, medical, and other professions.

And what did the communicants talk about? About everything — their parents, their husbands, their children, their wives, their suitors, their fiancés, their neighbors; the president, the governor, the mayor, the councilman, the postman, the gold standard, the old-age pension, the unknowable; about God and the devil, about mind and matter and spirit and soul, about investments, about movies, about the cosmos, about the trend of events, about individualism and socialism and biology and sex and eugenics; about the fourth dimension, the precession of the equinoxes, the science of relativity, earthquakes, cyclones, dust storms, the future of Hitler, the latest spectacular crime — in short, everything under the sun, on both sides and beyond the sun.

People came to boast of their past exploits, to complain of present woes, to voice their dread of coming cataclysms, and to revel in dreams of a roseate future. Many came, no doubt, in the hope of finding a soul mate, as there is a great demand for soul mates, but when they found me a gray-haired old codger their ardor in this regard rapidly ebbed. There was, however, one bird of paradise, a lady of

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uncertain years, elaborately dolled up with paint and finery, to whom a few gray hairs and wrinkles offered no discouragement. When she spoke of a second visit, I said I should have to charge her $25 per half-hour. That didn't daunt her, and then she wanted to know how much I would charge for a private visit to her house. For that I put the charge at $50 per half-hour. That too seemed all right, and the appointment was fixed, but before the time arrived I notified her that I should have to cancel the appointment and I never saw her again.

All the Ills of Humanity

Many clients jumped to the conclusion that a professional listener was some new kind of cultist, a faith healer perhaps or maybe a fortuneteller. Such conclusions were of course wholly unwarranted. The contract of a professional listener is of the simplest. He promises nothing except to listen, and that doesn't mean he has to listen intelligently or understandingly or sympathetically. (On the contrary, it is natural to assume that anyone who would take up such a profession could hardly be expected to be intelligent.) He doesn't even promise to have an acute sense of hearing. In addition to listening, all he has to do, as a concession to elemental courtesy, is to remark, "Yes, yes," or, "Dear, dear," or, "How odd," from time to time — and this more than anything else to reassure the communicant that he is still alive.

And so I had to listen patiently to symptoms and then more symptoms. I never realized before how many different kinds of aches and pains and biological disturbances and irregularities and frustrations were afflicting the erring and vulnerable human race. And all the poor sufferers wanted me to play the miracle man and tell them what to do for relief. Of course I didn't know and, if I had, I couldn't have told them. If I so much as hinted that such and such a therapeutic device were "indicated" in any particular case, I should have been liable to prosecution for practicing medicine without a license.

Usually it was sufficient to explain simply that prescribing courses of treatment was entirely out of my province, but some clients were insistent. When I would tell them, "See a doctor," the answer too often was that they had tried many doctors of all schools in vain and had no faith in any. No faith in doctors, and yet they were showing a certain kind of faith in advice they might wheedle out of an entirely strange professional listener with no authenticated background! Some of these no doubt were not sincere but were trying to show me up and put me on the spot.

One man in particular, a rather gross type of individual, talked to me at great length about his symptoms and tried to get me to express a preference for a particular kind of laxative. Not content with my refusal, he tried me again on other aspects of his case but without success.

At length he gave it up, and I was quite astonished to hear him say: "Look here, you seem like a pretty good egg after all."

"That so? Thanks for the compliment."

"Yes, you do. They've got you all wrong."

"They? Who?" I inquired.

"Listen. I'm going to tell you something."

"Fire away. That's what you're paying me for," I told him.

"Well now, the people that sent me here — I won't say who, but maybe you can guess — are out to get you. They think you're a faker and, if they can only get you for practicing without a license, they'll give you the works."

"Well, you've got the low-down on me now, haven't you?"

"I sure have and I'll tell 'em you're O.K.," he replied fervently as he rose to go. "But say, man to man, all those things I told you about myself are true. Honest. Now, as man to man, what do you think I ought to do?"

"I think you ought to see a doctor, maybe several of them."

Listening to Death

I feel I was most useful in the cases of a relatively few young people who came to talk over their woes and their perplexities, their love affairs, their secret sins, their ambitions, their disappointments. All these were deadly in earnest, and I did my level best not only to listen sympathetically and understandingly but to offer real aid and comfort. Such a service is of vital importance to the orderly development of young people. They must have older people to whom they can go freely for counsel and guidance and to whom they can talk with the utmost intimacy and unrestraint.

Then too I have reason to believe that I was useful on several occasions in preventing sui-

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cides. Perhaps more than half my clients were of the despondent type, and many of them had sunk to the uttermost depths of despair through dire mental distress over something which to another in a more normal frame of mind would seem a trifle. It is a relatively easy matter to cheer these people up, at least for a time, maybe until they can survive the crisis and resume a more serene way of life. A cheering word at the right moment spells salvation. On the other hand, some are chronic and beyond redemption, and it is quite likely that, among the cases reported in the newspapers of Eden of unfortunates who committed the act of self-destruction, some had paid me to listen to their tribulations; but I kept no record of the names and addresses of my clients.

My strangest experience was one in which I was able to prevent murder — not one murder but two. One day there came a woman dressed severely in black and heavily veiled. After taking some pains to assure herself that I would not try to discover her identity, she proceeded to unfold a harrowing tale of how she had killed her husband by putting poison in his food. Though she went into considerable detail, still I did not take much stock in her story. That was why I didn't call the police at once, as was my plain duty. But I had grown rather accustomed to hearing people boast of both noble and ignoble exploits which they had not performed, and so the story of the veiled woman in black went in one ear and out the other, and then she was gone.

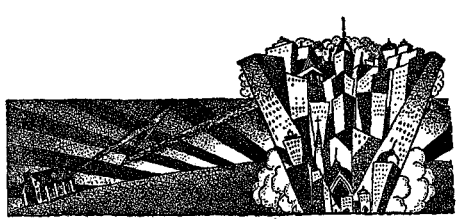
For the next day or two I was considerably troubled over the case, wondering what, if anything, should be done. Then she called me on the telephone to make another appointment. I was greatly relieved at this and more than half expected her to tell me that her former story was a harmless hoax, as there was nothing in her gentlewoman's voice or general bearing to suggest the murderess.

Instead of retracting her former story, however, she referred to it as an accomplished fact and then she proceeded to tell me that in the same manner she had also murdered her son, a high-school lad and her only child. Finally she left as calmly as she came, but this time I put on my hat and followed. It was my first experience as a shadow, but I was successful in finding out where she lived — an elaborate house in a good neighborhood. I then notified the police and advised an investigation.

It was a simple matter to check the main details of the woman's story and prove them false. In other words, both the husband and son were easily discovered to be alive. With that I was satisfied. At any rate, my duty was done. But the police were not willing to let it drop so easily, and further investigation convinced them that the woman undoubtedly intended to carry out the tragic deeds she had told me were already performed. In the end she was placed in a sanitarium.

Mostly, however, my contacts were commonplace and deadly dull, and the recitals just the stale, colorless palaver one hears among one's own relatives and casual acquaintances. To invest them with special interest and make them worth reporting would require the imagination and artistry of an O. Henry. And, if it is tiresome nothings you are looking for, you can get all you want free of charge by squatting on a bench in the park and conversing with the man next to you or by frequenting the more informal and friendly bars or other retreats where men and women of leisure are wont to do their loafing. And, by using this method, you don't have to do all the listening yourself. Now and then you can put in a spiel about your own symptoms, your pet theory, or your beloved hobby. That helps a lot.

Of course, if you want to become a professional listener, that is, at present, your privilege. We have shown how easy it is to enter the profession. It is just as easy to get out, for there is no investment to protect, and there are no assets to dispose of. If you stop advertising, that immediately cuts off the supply of new clients. The old ones are easily discouraged by high prices and poor service. If worst comes to worst, you can always move to a new location with a new telephone number.



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Citizens of the World

by **SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA**

THE STARTING point of any straightforward analysis of world affairs can be no other nowadays than the obvious failure of the League of Nations in the two major cases which the stream of world events has brought to its experience. No amount of ingenuity can gloss over the fact that, in both these cases, not only was the attacked state left to bear the brunt and the ultimate loss of the attack but also the very essence of the Covenant was allowed to be violated by a permanent member of the Council. The honest recognition of these plain facts must be the basis for our work. In the present article we propose to examine the cause of the parlous state into which the evolution of world affairs has fallen, in the hope of suggesting a remedy for it.

We should first begin by removing out of the way the simplest but silliest reaction which the failure of the League is wont to call forth, amongst elementary minds: "Since the League has failed, let us write it off." These words can hardly be considered the expression of a thought at all. They embody purely emotional reaction. In the present state of the world, *some* sort of international agency for the handling of world affairs is indispensable. That the League may need a more or less deep transformation is a matter for argument. That *some* league must remain to express in the realm of institutions the high degree of unity already achieved amongst nations by the progress of mental and physical communications is too obvious to need elaboration.

In order to discover what kind of changes, if any, may be needed in the structure of the League, a close analysis of the reasons of its failure in the two major cases which proved too much for it would appear to be a good method. Now the first cause in both cases was obviously the fact that a permanent member of the Council, while professing to uphold the Covenant, deliberately planned to violate it. Let us then put on record at the outset that the first cause of the League failures was an insufficient loyalty to its principles on the part of some major state. And, having laid this down, we may perhaps be allowed to generalize the observation, so as to cover not merely the two great powers to which it applies, so to speak, 100 per cent, but also every other power, great or small, to which it applies in less formidable percentages. Let us be frank about it. No power in the League or out of it has yet managed to live up to the Covenant. This remark will spare us a discussion of the responsibility of the United States in the inefficiency of the League of Nations. When it came to signing, she honestly decided not to live up to the Covenant. In so doing, she did perhaps provide some strength to those anti-Covenant forces in other nations which, though unable to prevent the entrance of their respective nations into the League, managed, to a greater or lesser extent, to prevent them from applying the Covenant in its full vigor.

But is it not obvious that this cause of failure — the inability of all the nations to live up to the Covenant — covers all the others? Much, for instance, is made of the lack of an armed League force to coerce recalcitrant states. Yet, the League has never lacked force. What it did lack was unity of purpose as to whether it should be applied. If man, instead of two arms and one brain, had one arm and two brains, he would never be able to use his arm, for lack of agreement between his two brains. At no moment, not in the Manchurian, not again in the Abyssinian case, was the League insufficiently armed to enforce the Covenant. To be sure, there was the absentee United States, but to be sure, also, at the sight of an absolutely united League the public opinion of this country would have been lifted by a magnificent enthusiasm and would probably have collaborated in the League action

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and even ratified the Covenant. Either I mistake considerably the heart of the United States or I am right in thinking that an actual case of vindication of the Covenant by the League will prove the best way for making this country a League member.

It follows that the so-called lack of military force on the part of the League, when closely examined, turns out to be a mere symptom of the disease we have already diagnosed, namely, the inability of the nations of the world to live up to the Covenant. Any of the other more or less superficial causes of failure that might be considered would lead us to the same conclusion. We are therefore in possession of the only essential cause of League failure, and it is on the basis of this cause that we must now examine what can be done to improve the world outlook.

II

HERE AGAIN we might just as well begin by moving irrelevant issues out of the way. It has become now a constant tradition in League circles that, after every failure, a commission be formed to study amendments to the Covenant and reforms of the League. This is very much as if the Christian, having sinned, called for a commission to reform the Ten Commandments. There is nothing wrong with either the Covenant or the machinery of the League of Nations. What is wrong is the way in which the machinery is used and the Covenant forgotten or interpreted.

A comparison with the national affairs of a federal nation, such as Switzerland or the United States, may throw some light on the subject. The affairs of these two federal unions which interest the community of states, as different from those which extend only within the frontiers of each state, are handled by a federal machinery, composed of executive, legislative, judicial, and bureaucratic institutions. This federal machinery works, not merely because it is well planned and manned by efficient persons but mostly, indeed essentially, because these persons feel a loyalty to the federation, as wider, higher, and more imperative than the loyalty which they owe to their native states. The Kentuckians, Californians, Virginians, and New Englanders in Washington, the citizens of the cantons of Zurich, Vaud, St. Gall, or Ticino in Berne are moved as federal officers by an American and a Swiss patriotism, without which their respective federal governments would certainly collapse. In general, it never occurs to any of them to conceive any kind of incompatibility between their state loyalty and their federal loyalty. There are, indeed, rare cases in which such conflicts, at least in appearance, do occur. The rule is that the federal officer reacts with a federal patriotism, even in such painful cases.

The League is a federation without federal patriotism. With the honorable exception of a number (by no means all) of its civil servants, the men who handle its affairs feel little or no loyalty to the world community, and are moved by national patriotism, more or less qualified by imperialistic tendencies or by well-meaning tendencies, vaguely inspired in national cooperation and a genuine desire for peace. The lack of what we might describe as world patriotism or as world citizenship determines first an impoverishment of the vision of what the League is and should be, namely, the beginnings of a world government.

The League is starved of affairs by the nations that belong to it. It is only when such affairs are so to speak, *in articulo mortis*, that they are brought to the Council. And then the lack of world patriotism and of world citizenship hinders the right solution in most cases, since every one of the nations represented reacts according to its own narrowly understood national interests and not from the point of view of the whole.

The way, therefore, to revive the League of Nations and, what is far more important, to develop world government as a matter of course and not merely as a matter of emergency, is to foster the spirit of world patriotism and of world citizenship. A government, after all, is only the political manifestation of national unity. It is surrounded and, in a way, kept warm by all kinds of other institutions of national unity, such as the universities and schools, the press, the religious organizations, the scientific and the artistic centers, and many other forms of national life. The League, on the other hand, is out in the cold, a completely isolated political institution, on a world basis, without one single other world institution to keep it warm, unless it be the postal union. How can we expect it to thrive in such a vacuum? After fifteen years of work along

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strictly political lines, is it not time that we endeavored to create around the political institutions of the world community an atmosphere of ideas, emotions, hopes, and even aesthetical creations, all related to a background of world unity, just as the national agencies that thrive in any one nation are related to a background of national unity?

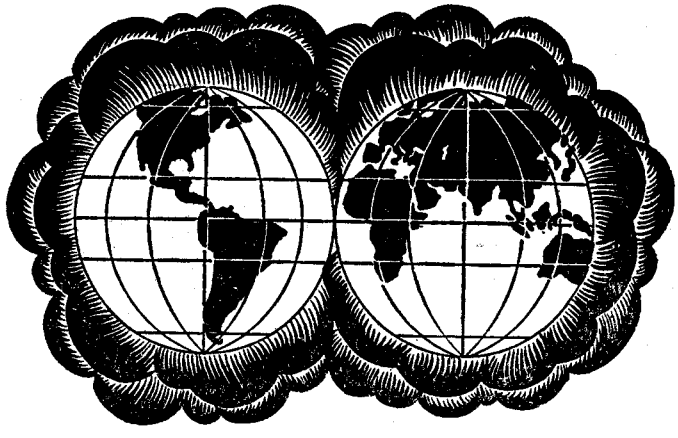
III

Such is the ambitious task which the World Foundation sets out to accomplish. A task no doubt immense, as befits the size of the problems which confront us. The World Foundation seeks its inspiration in all the great men who in the past or in the present have proudly and boldly declared themselves citizens of the world — the men for whom, as Dante said, magnificently, "the world is a fatherland." The flame kindled in these great luminaries it will try to convey far and wide to all the nations, races, and creeds. It is not a mere idea that can be read in books. It is a state of mind that has to be transmitted by personal impact. The World Foundation would crave the help of youth in this crusade of which youth must reap the greatest benefit.

Yet the actual study of world affairs would not be neglected — far from it. At the basis of the World Foundation lies the belief that the study of world affairs from the world point of view should be one of its most important activities, both for the sake of the world affairs themselves, which are at present sadly distorted by the prevalence of national and separate points of view, and for the invaluable effect which such studies would have as a mental experience on those who would undertake them. We believe that, by making a growing number of minds undergo such an experience, the living sense of world unity will be fostered.

"I am a man; nothing human do I deem alien to me." So said the Latin poet, Terence, one of the precursors of the World Foundation. Similarly, those who desire to work for the World Foundation may well say, "We want to foster world patriotism, and nothing built on a world basis can be alien to us." The scope and activities of the Foundation will have no other limit than the funds at its disposal.

It will, in particular, aim at creating as many *world* institutions of learning, education, artistic expression, and every other sort of collective life as its means and possibilities allow. Leaving to politicians the working of the League of Nations, the Foundation would specialize in fostering all the forms which the commonwealth of nations, the society of nations and also the commonwealth of men and the society of men are waiting to take, in the world of history. Many such forms of association, weaving together the nations between themselves and men over their frontiers, are uncreated, patiently waiting for the opportunity which will release them into actual life. An untold wealth of peaceful and happy activity is thus untapped. We want you to help us to put it at your disposal.



Next month:
"The Two Dictators,"
by Emil Ludwig

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The Fate of the Semiclassic

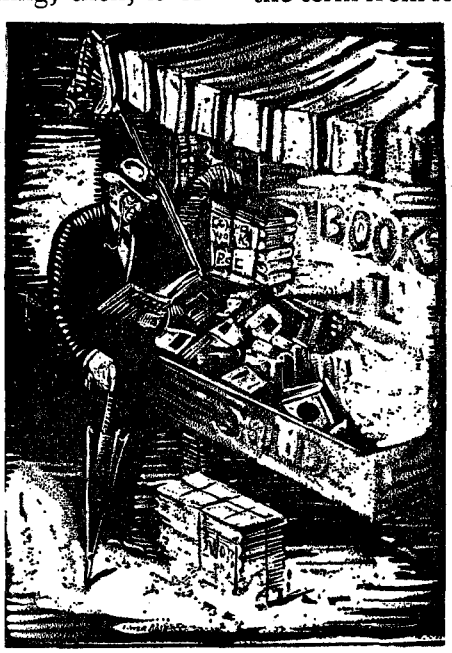
The Sad State of Publishing

by FORD MADOX FORD

Last month Mr. Ford described the trend in the publishing business today which has caused a mad rush to promote best sellers, with a consequent neglect of those less spectacular writers whose books require careful nursing before the authors acquire a steady market. He noted that it is now almost impossible to obtain volumes of the complete works of such standard authors as Conrad, Henry James, Hudson, or Stephen Crane, except at prohibitive prices, and as a possible remedy for this situation he suggested the abolition of copyright.

I AM THINKING, as I write these words, of three men. When I began to collect the material for these articles, I was thinking also of two women — Miss Caroline Gordon and Miss Katherine Anne Porter. But, as they have since passed out of the ranks of the unknown to a sufficient public, I shall leave them out, regretfully.

The present state of publishing, then, is of course very bad — is at its very worst — for the writer of literary merit. Since it is a matter of complete indifference to the best-seller publisher what he publishes, he will occasionally publish a book that will be respected by writers. But the chances are very much against it, and the chance of any publication at all for what it is convenient to style the semiclassic grows proportionately and always more rapidly less. That condition is not altogether to the bad.



As things are, the writer is less dependent on the book publisher than he has ever been. There are many sidelines outside the realm of book publishing. A single article in one of the national magazines may bring in more than a writer would receive for a couple of books. A reasonable living may be had by way of the radio, with very little mental exhaustion. The cinema, though not paying for books or ideas the huge sums fancied by a credulous public, will yet now and then provide a pretty penny for an author. In addition, publishing is still regarded as a gentlemanly occupation. The author, put beyond immediate needs by one or another of the agencies mentioned above, will certainly, if he have a passion for the production of masterpieces, produce masterpieces and he, being relieved of the necessity of writing many books to keep himself alive, will produce fewer and better works. And eventually the publisher who is also a gentleman will arrive.

Let us call him a gentleman publisher. I use the term from long habit because in the game of cricket it is usual to style nonpaid or amateur players Gentlemen and the rest Players, so that the great cricket and social event of the London season is *Gentlemen versus Players*. Moreover, the technical definition of *Gentleman* at the University of Oxford is *Generosus filius Generosi* — a generous man, the son of a generous man. A publisher who is ready to pay for the publication of books that will not pay must be a generous man; and he must be the son of a generous man

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because he will certainly not have made any money for himself or he would go on making money that way. Such a gentleman publisher, then, has just — four days before the day on which I am writing this — published a novel by one of the three authors of whom I have been thinking for quite a long time now. The publisher is Mr. James Laughlin IV; the writer is my friend Dr. William Carlos Williams; and the book is *White Mule*.

Books and Babies

Dr. Williams is an admirable and abominably overworked physician from the State of New Jersey. I hope that this publicity may, as it would in the country of my birth, get him struck off the medical register so that he may produce many thousand fewer babies and many, many thousand more clear, caustic words. He has been writing for many years, and the product of his hours between deliveries has long since drawn to him the consciousness at once of the intelligentsia and the writers of this country and of the country across the Atlantic. We have known of Dr. Williams, at first as a fine poet and then as a writer of lucid, blistering, delightful prose, for twenty years or so. He is, in short, adored among his patients as a physician and among writers as a writer. That he has never galled the withers of the large public is in part his own fault, in part that of the public.

He has taken no steps to let the public know of his existence. He has let his books be published as a rule by such semisubterranean private presses as that of the Three Mountains, (the private undertaking of Mr. William Bird of Paris, to whom present-day literature owes so great a debt of gratitude), the private Contacts Press of Mr. Robert McAlmon, the *TO* Press of somewhere near Toulon, and the like, so that his books are as difficult to procure as those of Conrad, Hudson, or James.

But it is still more the fault of the public. If that public — and it ought to have sense enough by this time, seeing what happened to Keats and others — if the public, then, would say to its bookseller, "No! I will *not* take that book; I saw a page advertisement of it in the *Literary Supplement* this morning; give me a lousy, home-made-looking thing, published by no one you ever heard of and printed on sugar-wrap papers," then the public would get hold of something it need not be ashamed of holding — say, six times out of ten. But that the poor public will precisely like it when at first it reads something like what I am going to quote immediately I should not care to swear.

Here is a passage from *In the American Grain*, a book in which Dr. Williams analyzes the spirit and brilliantly chronicles the feats of his fellow countrymen from the day when Red Eric landed at what is now Newport, Rhode Island, till the present time. It will probably have the effect — the whole book — of making the obese reader feel as if he were partaking of a cathartic in an ice-cold shower bath, with occasional flushes of patriotic pride running over him as he reads of how his fathers licked creation, right or wrong. And in the end the effect will no doubt be that produced in this country, when I was a boy, by an advertisement that covered the boards from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate: *Drink Moxie. You will not like it at first.* And they did drink!

> The ideal woman should end at the eyebrows and have the rest filled in with hair. It is the practical answer to the immediate need. Pragmatism. It's inevitable that men shall go down the scale until they strike what they want — or can get. There was the young medical fellow, a New Englander, in the State Asylum at Worcester, a periodic maniac; his history fascinated me. He is a clever physician, and a man of excellent antecedents. Shortly after college (and a medical education takes so long that a man is in his late twenties before he can afford to marry) he married a woman far below his class, — he had to to get her. Shortly realizing his fatal error, he promptly, being a sensitive man, went insane, — and was as promptly divorced and committed to the asylum by his wife, proving the soundness of his mind — fundamentally. He has married three times since and has always gone mad: a little like Strindberg. But the reasoning here is truly American. Trained a Puritan, he was bursting for lack of sexual satisfaction. Unwilling to commit the sin of fornication and being unable to get a wife of his own class, due to poverty, or what not — he married someone below his scale of aesthetic or emotional relief. Thus the greater was sacrificed to the lesser. Now he was overcome with anguish. His life was ruined. He bitterly assailed himself for his folly and lost all control. In the hospital he worked well in the laboratory — but he was truly insane. There is no class to absorb this stress.

So eventually they may come to read with equanimity this passage from *White Mule:*

> What is it? said Joe, at the door. A little girl. That's too bad. Is it all right? Yes, a bit small though. That's all right then. Don't you think you'd better cover it up so it won't catch cold? Ah, You go out of here now and let me manage, said Mrs. D. This ap-

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pealed to him as proper so he went. Are you all right, Mama? Oh, leave me alone, what kind of a man are you? As he didn't exactly know what she meant he thought it better to close the door. So he did.

In prehistoric ooze it lay while Mrs. D. wound the white twine about its pale blue stem with kindly clumsy knuckles and blunt fingers with black nails and with the wiped-off scissors from the cord at her waist, cut it — while it was twisting and flinging up its toes and fingers into the way — free.

Abandoned Talent

Mr. Edward Dahlberg is another writer who for quite different reasons — and that is a scandal too — cannot find a publisher. His first novel, *Bottom Dogs*, a very properly autobiographic novel about a boy in Kansas City, extremely vivid, not too violently written, was, as is so often the case, received with enormous enthusiasm in London and with none at all in New York. His next novel was a sequel to *Bottom Dogs* and was called *From Flushing to Calvary*. It had the same qualities as its predecessor, the writing being firmer in texture and the matter presented with more composure. Being a sequel, it was received with less enthusiasm in England and with less than none here.

Then Mr. Dahlberg took the step that so few Middle Westerners who publish brilliantly autobiographic first books take. He sat down and wrote a novel extraordinarily brilliant in construction, in presentation, in vision, in expression, called *Those Who Perish*. Mr. Dahlberg told me that its sales in New York amounted, I think, to 200 copies. It has not yet appeared in England. Since its appearance Mr. Dahlberg has not been able to find a publisher.

That seems to me to be a scandal. I regard with indulgence the ordinary publisher, pursuing his butterfly best sellers across a sunny world. I don't see why he should not make a million by an intimate biography of Jezebel or by *How Never To Blush*.

But here we are, in this Siamese Twin of an Anglo-Saxondom, four hundred and fifty millions (450,000,000) of us, all English-speaking. And we cannot buy enough books by one of the most brilliant pens of our day to let the holder of that pen find a publisher. It would be a scandal if Mr. Dahlberg were only a third or a fifth or a tenth less brilliant than he is.

Exactly the same words will apply to the case of Mr. E. E. Cummings. His mind is brilliant, lambent with humor, experimental. Once, with *The Enormous Room*, he swam for the moment to the surface. Today, as far as I know, he supports himself by painting portraits. And he is all the more valuable just because of his experimentalism, not merely in thought but in the minor matter of lettering. Our alphabetic characters are singularly ill-adapted for rendering shades of either rhythm or of the voice. There is no reason in the world why we should not try to make them more expressive. Yet that is supposed to be communism of the dynamitard variety. The American Ladies' Club of Paris once burned in public my *transatlantic review* simply because, tired of overcapitalization I printed its title as above. I printed also some poems by Mr. Cummings equally without capitals at the beginnings of lines. They took that to be equivalent to advocating the decapitation of monarchs.

Once more, all writers of any attainment whatever have, for a decade and a half at least, been conscious of the existence of Mr. Cummings — and most of the intelligentsia. Yet he has no readers among the general public. None! And no publisher!

I have not here tried to give estimates of either Mr. Cummings, Mr. Dahlberg, or Dr. Williams. I am merely pointing out that here are three very vital writers who are practically rendered silent by the commercial exigencies of the publishing day. And, I repeat, I am not much blaming the publishers. There must be someone to handle the literature of escape as if it were any other commercial product — hay, hogs, or automobiles.

But there does remain the other aspect — that publishers, protected by their special laws, do undoubtedly have a duty to provide the humaner letters in some sufficiency, at reasonable rates, and above all availably and in complete editions.

It is obviously beyond the limits of my space to prescribe remedies for such a state of things. And it would obviously be improper for me, as a foreigner, to suggest legislation for the inhabitants of this country. But, should the occasion serve, I will in the future propose a remedy that could be applied in England such as should tell the letter-writing gentleman of my first article — isn't it the phrase? — where he gets off. It is at any rate high time that someone did it.

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Immorality in Our Schools

by **GERALDINE COURTNEY**

I AM TIRED of hearing clergymen, college presidents, and parents discuss the morals of the "younger generation." Their discussions center usually on the period of college age, and, whatever their viewpoints, whether they attack or defend, most of them have this in common: woeful ignorance of what the younger generation is doing. They remind one of the old joke about the spinster's advice on the bringing up of children.

It is next to impossible for them to get accurate information. To illustrate: A prominent newspaperman, whose paper was investigating rumors of immorality in the college generation, was sent to a certain campus to probe the situation. His "probing" consisted of interviewing the president of the university, chaperons of fraternities and sororities, and Sunday-school teachers. Either through innocent ignorance or a desire to hold their jobs, all assured the reporter that the students were earnest and hard-working, that their social life consisted of well-chaperoned dances and parties, that fraternity boys and sorority girls were innocent, fun-loving youngsters who were grateful for their high opportunity.

The series of interviews reached thousands of readers through the medium of the largest newspaper in the State. Parents beamed with satisfaction; the fears of the few who had doubted were at rest.

The reaction of the students themselves was one of amazement, followed by a feeling of relief that their parents, poor dears, were not worried by things they could not possibly understand.

Only recently I completed my fifth year in the institution which will provide my examples of modern "fun." I have never completely left the campus, for a part of my work is still there, and I am now teaching in a high school not 100 miles away from it. With the perspective of an "old grad" who returns to the campus frequently, I submit the present-day code of morality among university students, for the enlightenment of clergymen, college presidents, and, particularly, parents. I believe that this is a *typical* cross section of collegiate social life. My only suggestion to those I would enlighten is that they keep constantly in mind, first, that I am talking about that same minority of students that they talk about, the socially active 25 per cent of the collegiate student body, and, second, that this collegiate code is a natural development of the high-school code.

II

OUR SETTING is a large State university. It is like similar institutions in sister States. There are 27 social fraternities and eighteen social sororities adjoining our campus, with an average membership of 30. The fraternal organization is the axis of the campus social whirl. There are formal and informal dances, receptions, and teas throughout the school year. The nucleus of the student's social intercourse, however, is his life with his many brothers within the fraternity house. Here the "bull session" of the fraternity and the "gab fest" of the sorority introduce the freshman to college life. The hedonistic, nihilistic, atheistic atmosphere sooner or later seeps into his blood. He hears himself applauding and expounding ideas that a year before he'd have been spanked for mentioning at home. Liquor is passed, and he becomes "one of the boys." And the mind of the young disciple, eager to express itself emotionally and physically, turns to sex. After a period of listening to numerous tales of bolder spirits, the boy has served his apprenticeship. Partly in the spirit of rivalry with his brothers, partly because of pride, and partly because he knows that seductive advances are expected of him, he begins his own personal campaign against feminine virtue.

The sorority "gab fest," meanwhile, has its place. There are sophisticated innuendoes, shady stories, proud tales of social success.

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Some aesthete of twenty will, during a solemn moment, quote the inevitable, "Ah, make the most of what ye yet may spend. . . ." This is the age for that.

I am acquainted with two mothers in a nearby city who, when their daughters were pledged to one of the "best" sororities, expressed pride and relief that they would thereby during their college lives be with "such nice girls from the loveliest homes." These mothers, like countless others in like circumstances, were pathetically deceived by delightful appearances and a blameless front.

One night two years ago the house mother of this same "nice" group went into her infrequently used sunroom. Trained as she was to keep to her room with ears and eyes closed, she did not question her freedom of her own quarters. She recognized the boy and girl she saw there.

The house mother went to the chapter president, a girl of twenty. The next day a chapter meeting was called, and, after explanation of her purpose, the president called in the culprit. The girl who had violated the sorority vow of chastity was left with one recourse, the most shameful defeat of the sorority girl: that of "turning in" her pin.

Faces flushed. The air was tense with guilt. Two girls rose together. They could not in the name of justice, they stammered, see one of their number damned by the sisterhood for misconduct of which others in the chapter were equally guilty. At length, after the chapter meeting had degenerated into a typical feminine confession party, it was disclosed that sixteen of the 31 members had at various times, either in high school or college, been guilty of sexual misconduct. The chapter had little choice but to pardon the sixteen girls en masse. If university authorities ever learned of the episode they remained as silent as everyone else.

There is on the campus one organized sisterhood in which there are only two requirements for membership: sufficiently low grades and the achievement of being a "fallen" woman. Membership is strictly secret, and the sorority pin is worn on the undergarments. The group orders quantities of liquor for its meetings, which are held in hotel rooms every two weeks. The chapter gatherings are closed with a song that is unprintable.

Nonsorority coeds in the denominational dormitories on the campus vie with the sorority girls for their share of popularity. Presumably because they have a social inferiority complex, they are unusually eager to ingratiate themselves with fraternity men. Last spring a medical student was intercepted by a vigilant house mother as he crawled out of a coed's dormitory room onto the fire escape. He was suspended from school for three days; the girl was expelled.

Though the girls naturally bear the brunt of entertaining guests, the fraternity houses also entertain in a thoroughgoing manner. One house, following the hospitable tradition of its Southern mother chapter, has an arrangement of beds, well partitioned, in its roomy basement, where a bar and radio are offered as primary attractions. A rival brotherhood, perhaps not so finicky, keeps a cook, a negress, who grants personal favors for a small fee. Several fraternities have their house mothers' quarters located in the rear to assure feminine guests freedom to go upstairs without embarrassment. One such fraternity unwittingly defeated its own purpose, however, when one of its members, his tongue loosened by drink, let slip a chapter secret. A clever photographer among the group had kept for two years a record in pictures of all coeds who went upstairs. Taken entirely for the pleasure of the brotherhood, some of the pictures were not delicate. The secret out, frantic girls made tearful efforts to buy, beg, or steal the pictures. Their pleas met only with masculine heartlessness. Justly enraged, the girls warned feminine friends of the exposure awaiting all who shared this fraternity's hospitality. Their boycott was effective.

Less elaborate accommodations in various fraternities and sororities necessitate the use of side, back, or basement doors, fire escapes, and occasional ladders. Ingenuity is seldom taxed to escape the surveillance of the house mothers, most of whom must be self-trained in studied unobservance in order to hold their jobs.

It is commonly recognized that the campus license for free love is the coed's acceptance of a fraternity pin. My young cousin, a sophomore in the university, during the past year received five proffers of a pin; the *quid pro quo* was in each case made quite clear. It naturally

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remains a mark of popularity for a girl to be able to boast a pin, and she may, if she is unscrupulous enough, possess two or three at once.

In prospect of an entertaining afternoon, I went recently to a meeting of the university Y.W.C.A. The speaker was one of our eminent professors from the theological school, a jocular fellow, popular with students because he defends where others criticize. But that afternoon he sprang a surprise. For twenty minutes the coeds heard more about themselves than they had ever dreamed a mere professor knew. They squirmed and blushed. The professor's concluding remarks were: "You girls, you amateurs, are the very reason why this town has no more professional prostitutes. With a fraternity pin as your fee, there is no room for competition that would ask honest wages."

III

THE TITULAR guardians of campus morals, the deans of men and women, insist that students merely practice more freely in the independence of university life what they have already learned in high schools at home. The deans are considerably concerned that each year's crop of incoming freshmen seems a little more worldly than the last. They point in desperation to the growing laxity in morals among high-school students. And I agree with them. The deans are blamed too much for excesses that began before their charges arrived at college. And there does seem little left for them but graceful retirement when our sixteen-year-olds go about glibly paraphrasing current popular ballads into dirty lyrics.

An enamoured couple was missed from one of my own high-school classes during a morning hour recently. They were found in the tonneau of a car parked on the school grounds — the girl's undergarments hanging on the coat rack. The teacher who found them gave them an unexcused absence cut and sent them on to their next class.

The disciplinary measures taken in this case indicate the average high-school teacher's daring in dealing with problems outside his textbooks. In this case the girl was the daughter of a prominent townsman.

Last spring the senior prom, the gala event of the high-school social calendar, was held as usual in the city athletic-club ballroom, adjoining a beautiful park. I have been on the chaperon list for the past two years, and on both occasions it has been very much the same sort of sickening brawl. While the chaperons play bridge in the parlor, the children take their blankets into the dark beyond. Parents are there in numbers as chaperons, too. If *they* ignore the exodus of their children to the greensward, how can we teachers do anything about it?

The debris after the last prom, according to the principal, netted fifteen empty liquor bottles, a garter, and two forgotten blankets, in addition to other relics better unnamed.

I have in my classes a fifteen-year-old girl whom I knew to be alarmingly generous with personal favors among several senior boys. Her mother, desperately worried about symptoms of her daughter's waywardness, asked me to talk frankly with her. The reason for giving me this unsavory duty was obvious after the mother spoke of the girl's idealizing me. (Teachers frequently find themselves the victims of "crushes.") I mustered all my understanding and tolerance and called the child for a conference.

It was far simpler than I had imagined it would be. The girl was straightforward. I listened to a recital that made my hair stand on end. The younger generation doesn't bother with euphemisms. Her tale was common enough. On a football trip, when many students accompanied the team to a neighboring city, she had "drunk too much" with her date — unintentionally, of course. That was the beginning. She hadn't meant to, of course. The boy told his friends. The girl realized the reason for her sudden conspicuous popularity and, lacking a normal amount of moral stamina, proceeded to enjoy it. The thought of fear apparently never bothered her; she felt "perfectly capable" of taking care of herself.

I can only hope that my verities on the disastrous effects of promiscuity on the psychic and physical well-being had their effect. I do know the child showed eagerness for mature judgment and knowledge. She is not essentially a "bad" girl but she has been a very ignorant one. She remarked several times, rather wistfully I thought, that her mother had never "told her anything."

A colleague of mine recently had a similar experience in talking with a sophomore girl, of

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excellent family, whose mother had no suspicion of her daughter's indulgences. She wept brokenheartedly in admitting to an experience, a year previously, with a fifteen-year-old boy and to consequent sexual relations with five other high-school students.

It is my hopeful belief that the promiscuous petting of the high-school boy and girl begins innocently. The average adolescent girl has no realization of why this may end dangerously. There is no need for enlarging on this truth, but there is need for stressing it.

My uncle, a physician in a town of 10,000, represents his profession, I believe, in decrying the lack of sound sex information among adolescents. He insists that it is particularly important now that contraceptive information has become widespread and that, proportionately, temptation has become more formidable. The number of high-school students he has treated for venereal diseases is appalling, and, almost without exception, rank ignorance of elemental sex knowledge is apparent in his young patients. It is his observation that by far the majority of these youngsters admit frankly to not having known what they were getting into and that they frequently volunteer remorse over the drinks they took which unlocked their inhibitions. Whether his opinion is right I am in no position to say, but his estimate of the percentage of his cases in which liquor was the cause of the undoing of his patients is extremely high. At my inquiry, he placed it at approximately 80 per cent. It is noteworthy to remark his insistence, too, that the effects of disease are no more pitiful than the mental agony such young patients suffer. In giving me permission to quote him, he insisted that I state that his experience with the high-school-age adolescent is common among his profession.

IV

THE QUESTION of the school's responsibility in helping to tame the excesses of this very active minority of students and even in teaching the so-called facts of life is a debatable one. Personally, I wonder if the few parents who are eager for the school's co-operation are not merely hunting means of shifting an unwelcome task to us teachers. That this task should fall to teachers would be unwise, with conditions as they are at present in the schools.

First, why should the average teacher be better qualified to discuss sex with a youngster than the child's mother or father? If my faculty is typical, I shudder to think of the consequences of a lecture on sex from any one of our 50 old maids and the dozen timid young men, all of whom might listen themselves with profit. Simply because we are specialists in history or Latin or mathematics, why do parents make the gross assumption that we are paragons of social adjustment ourselves? Certainly any course of sensible sex instruction in the school would not come from the regular faculty of classroom teachers but from the school nurse or doctor. Since at the present time high schools in only the larger cities have regular medical staffs, the impracticality of that Utopian hope is obvious.

Second, assuming that some faculty member were qualified to give a cursory series of lectures on sex education, he would be restrained by the stark fear of those parents, still legion, who might pounce on him as a teacher was pounced on in Tennessee not so long ago for teaching the theory of evolution. The wise teacher whose livelihood depends on his salary from the city fathers does well to keep silent on certain subjects.

A year ago two enlightened mothers called on our principal to suggest the introduction of sex education in the curriculum. The principal, overwhelmed with the happy possibility, was so bold as to sound out representative parental opinion in a feminine parent-teacher's group. Mention of an outbreak of leprosy among their children would have brought forth no more horrified gasps. The principal wilted without resistance.

Until such time as sex education can be offered in the school under an instructor as adequately prepared to give the course as other teachers are prepared in their respective fields, the problem of sex education must remain one for the home.

Restraint is often difficult for us teachers. Daily we see splendid youngsters bewildered by the surge of their sex awakening. Our impatient question is: If *we* cannot tell them something, why in heaven's name don't their parents? And when we see flagrant moral laxity in the high-school age, we marvel at the smug blindness of so many fathers and mothers.

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The results of a questionnaire sent high-school students and their parents in many schools in the State not long ago proved the extent of this blindness. Questions of a personal nature were to be answered on a strictly anonymous basis. Much care was taken with sealing envelopes and disguising handwriting. In answer to the question, "What do you consider your [or your son's or daughter's] greatest personal weakness?" the parents listed such sociological banalities as "inferiority complexes", "envy of other children," or "scholastic maladjustment." How unnerved would these parents have been to see what the majority of their boys and girls wrote, brutally frank in their anonymity: "masturbation".

Yes, we teachers marvel at the game of hide-and-seek mothers and fathers play with the grave responsibilities of parenthood. Parents must rid themselves of the delusion that their sons and daughters are not concerned with the mysteries and problems of sex. They must face the fact that the kiddies have outgrown their rompers. It is to the point in this connection for parents to remember that their children have easy access to "95-per-cent effective" contraceptives — something they did not have at the same age.

I have no ambitions to be a moral crusader or a social uplifter. But I do represent teachers in deploring the magnificent negligence of unthinking parents whose children we teachers see in an atmosphere parents never know.

What parents may do to prepare their children for life in the motor age with their own generation is a very personal problem which they should be able to answer better than any spinster schoolteacher. But, whatever is done, may it be honest and straightforward and tolerant and, above all, not too late!

Homecoming

Slowly we beat our way across the strait
Into a wind that whistled through the stays;
The crackling canvas and the angry spate
Dinned in our ears songs of a thousand bays.

Then while the dim tumultuous hours sped,
We fought the seas to win a quiet reach,
Slid past the islands, cowered past the head
And heard our keel grate on a friendly beach.

Fierce through the forest the wild tempest blew,
The scrub oaks tugged to leave their native loam
And suddenly I shouted to the crew,
"These are my lands and these the shores of home!"

Neilson Abeel

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Farewell Suburbia

by **FARNSWORTH CROWDER**

We have left for good. We were fed up.

In many ways it was a pleasant place to live. The trees made it a suburb in the woods. The streets were wide and clean, the houses large and handsome. Country-club accommodations for golf, tennis, swimming, and socializing were excellent and reasonable. The school buildings were new and the curricula "progressive." We were less than an hour from the center of one of the nation's major cities.

For several years we sampled the quality of suburbia's living. And now, though we have renounced it and are therefore prejudiced commentators, we think it would be worth while to make note of some of its features. All by itself, it might be counted an unimportant scene. Since leaving, we have been at pains to discover if it is a solitary phenomenon. We think it is not, that it is a significant fraction of America, with its counterparts, probably, on the margins of every metropolis.

Suburbia is no Winnetka, Illinois, no Newport. Its most characteristic citizen is a young executive or professional man, 25 to 45, married, with one or two children, owning his own home, hiring a servant or two, carrying ample life insurance, and earning $100 to $200 a week. As he grows older and if he climbs to the $20,000-to-$50,000 salary level, he will build a mansion in the truly swank district near the lake ten miles away. In short, he is the bright, shrewd, aggressive young man, third or fourth in the region's economic life, enjoying in exchange for his services all the creature comforts and many of the luxuries that America can provide.

Presumably, if all our people could have what is possessed by even the lower fourth in Suburbia, there would be contentment and an end to agitation, soapboxers, and the *New Masses*. In many respects, Suburbia is the American dream demonstrated. For, while it was shaken by the depression (more in its nerve than in its pocketbook), it is a snug province of two-car garages and plump chickens in every kettle.

Suburbian Intellectualism

The core of our indictment of Suburbia, I believe, is this: that out of the base, out of the soil, of its material prosperity comes not a rich, varied, flexible, hearty life but a meager, unexciting crop of experience. To move in its society is to move in circles, coming back to the same places, people, ideas, prejudices, diversions, jokes, and situations. The parties, the dinners, the picnics, the "bats" to the city, the affairs at the club become repetitious to the point of uneventfulness. Suburbia seems to us to live unnecessarily in chains — bound by small fears, conventions, social pressures, and petty prudences. It has a horror of personal differentiation. It wants what it has — more and better gadgets — and simmers along, self-absorbed and smug in its economic competence.

The proportion of college graduates is certainly higher than in the general population. A man prizes his degree because it has been a means of making better money in white-collar jobs; it has given him some friends, many pleasant memories, a certain prestige, and choice seats in the alumni section at the football games. These are not trivial blessings.

But his education has not put him under compulsion to understand his own times. He shows respect for researches in the physical sciences but he knows little about them. For religion, he may dabble in one of the mental science disciplines. The cultural heritage of mankind, the achievements and experiments in literature and the arts, the history of governments and economic organization are for "highbrows" — not for him. Not because he is prudent, unpretentious, and modest but because he doesn't care. His reaction to any conversational observation smacking of the scho-

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lastic is to crack wise: "Quick Watson! — my Webster and reading glasses." *

In so far as there is any patronizing of the arts, it is done by the women. It is they who read the poets and serious novelists, select the pictures, attend the lectures, and get their grumbling spouses into dress clothes and out to concerts, recitals, and plays. Toward these cultural indulgences the men take a supercilious, even a contemptuous, attitude. To most of them, the arts (music possibly excepted) are pale and effeminate, and any man who practices them is assumed to be a sissy until he can establish otherwise.

When I chanced to learn that a certain man had a secret fondness for poetry, the poor fellow was horrified at the prospect of my exposing his private vice. And so, in exchanging books of verse and whispering our discoveries, we acted like a couple of wily rascals trading in contraband.

There is something almost abnormal in male Suburbia's assertion of its maleness, as if it were itself subconsciously in doubt about it: so many make an effort to be he-mannish, toting firearms, getting themselves appointed deputy sheriffs, browbeating menials, employing comic-strip grammar and longshoreman profanity, cultivating the cryptic sneer and the hard-boiled shrug — a kind of film-gangster set of mannerisms.

Whether adopted as a rebuke to the female's attempt to civilize him or a device to impress her with his primitive virility, this deliberate lowbrowism is not the best of strategy. For there are few things that can throw such a scare into the men as the appearance at Suburbia's parties and dinners of a good-looking, vital, educated, iconoclastic male. The ladies adore him at once. The husbands despise him. They strike at him by grumbling, during the party post-mortem with their wives, that the personable stranger was a pansy, a damned intellectual, an amateur Casanova, or a communist.

We have seen more than one such stranger appear in Suburbia, only to find his welcome becoming so ambiguous that he chooses shortly to withdraw, if not bodily from the community then socially from its affairs, and seek more congenial contacts in the city.

* AUTHOR'S NOTE:—*It is only fair to state that* Time *and* Fortune *are the most respected and potent adult-education forces in the community.*

SERIOUS THINKING IN SUBURBIA

THE TENDENCY, when viewing the world, to ride forth on scorn and prejudice also characterizes Suburbia's politico-economic thinking, which it does largely in the dark of its pocketbook. When a group falls into discussion of questions of the day, it is usually for the purpose of rendering mutual reassurance as to how absolutely right each is in his opinions.

A Democratic Congress is little better than the Comintern. Roosevelt, Ickes, Wallace, and their colleagues should have been smothered in their cradles to save them from becoming modern Benedict Arnolds. Anything whose meaning is not old and obvious — modern dancing, Stravinsky's music, the consumer's co-operative, Charles Burchfield's paintings — is a Bolshevist abomination. From what he hears in Suburbia about the unemployed and people on relief, one might suppose that on New Year's morning, 1930, 10,000,000 men, with one accord, started up in bed, shouted, "What, work? The hell with it!" and went back to sleep.

A college boy sent a dollar bill for a short trial subscription to *The Nation*. When the first issue arrived, his doctor-father set fire to it with the Bunsen-burner flame in his laboratory and ordered his son to cancel the subscription.

When the superintendent of the local schools had the nerve to bring in one of the forum units sponsored by the Federal Office of Education as a demonstration in adult education, featuring such leaders as Upton Close and Dr. Emil Lengyel, Suburbia's citizens found themselves superior to the project. The audiences that shared in the discussion of such topics as economic planning, government services, dictatorships, etc. were made up largely of people out from the city — schoolteachers, college students, labor unionists, journalists, and plainer citizens. Some patrons of the high school, where the meetings were held, agitated to have it closed to the forums on the ground that the senior class was being indoctrinated with dangerous ideas.

Jones, a prosperous advertising man, claimed

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to have it "straight from inside sources" that the May Day demonstrations in 1936 were going to be on a grand and gory scale. He went to the fantastic length of hiring men from a detective agency to guard his home and would not go to his office in the city. It was the quietest May Day in years. But Jones also had it "straight from inside sources" that that was only because the police had known what to expect and had been on their toes.

There is in Suburbia a stubborn sort of blindness in all such matters, hard for us to understand. Here are men — executives, managers, owners — relatively high in the economic system and sufficiently necessary to its operation to command good money for what they can do. In their particular specialized jobs, they must be capable and intelligent. But the majority of them simply will not see those jobs in their larger social and economic contexts. About the background, the principles, the basic social responsibilities, the larger trends of the economic system, they seem to us to know far less than many a workman, teacher, or college boy in the despised forum audiences. They are savagely impatient of being shown any of the terms under which society and government can suffer their capitalistic set-up to continue. They will ride with it, they will milk it, they will fight for it, but they will not look it in the mouth. Doubtless because they are afraid.

Sex — the Great Diversion

"Town is for work, home is for fun. So let's not get heavy about things."

In the search for fun, Suburbia's recreational and social life revolves around food, alcohol, speed, sports, and sex.

A knowledge of *Ars Amatoria* and *Psychopathia Sexualis* is very nearly a prerequisite to acceptance into the young married set. To be able to play the banjo, sing, dance well, do card tricks — these are still accomplishments of social value. But no man is more sought after than a commercial artist — a superb mimic with a perfect sense of the droll — who knows more bawdy stories and can tell them better than anybody else. The *pièce de résistance* of the last supper party we attended was an ingenious pornographic salad. The proprietors of both community rental libraries told us they derived a goodly share of their revenue from the kind of books kept in locked cupboards and the bottom drawers of their desks. Every craze as it comes along — Give Me a Dime, Handies, Knock-knock — is exploited for all the jolly good smut it will yield.

It should be in line with much that has been claimed of late to suppose that there would be a minimum of sex complexes and maladjustments in Suburbia: where there is no repression, where everybody is a graduate, if not a research expert, in the erotic arts, there ought to be little marital incompatibility. But for some reason the thesis doesn't hold up. From what the women tell one another — and they tell all — it seems that every other couple must be suffering from some galling maladjustment. There are bridge parties and knitting bees at which a happily married woman, having nothing to contribute in the way of confession and complaints, must almost feel compelled to apologize for being happy at all.

The state of being in love is so nearly synonymous with sex that the more abiding secondary sex manifestations — spiritual, intellectual, recreational, domestic, and parental — are undervalued, are even thrown overboard on account of some one-quarter real, three-quarters imagined incompatibility discovered in one of the humorless textbooks from the rental librarian's secret drawer.

The women's great difficulty, we suppose, is that they are so near to being economically superfluous. They do not do anything, not excepting mothering their own children, that they can afford to have somebody else do for them. Except to be women. That opportunity and obligation they do not delegate. And, since it is, increasingly, the one role and function left them, it becomes the center of their interest and energy. And who can blame them?

Whereas the men, all day, deal with sound and satisfying problem and fact, the women are left to cards, teas, piano recitals, psychology courses, and book reviews. If they cannot devise a new sales campaign or supervise an addition to a factory, if they cannot even dry the dishes because there is a maid or iron clothes because the laundry does it better or weed the flower border because the gardener comes twice a week, it at least remains to them to be women and try their allurements on men. And that is exactly what they do.

On evenings at home, the husband, wearied by his labors, is inclined to doze off in his easy

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chair, while his lady, energized like an actress by darkness, becomes wakeful, restless for stimulation, ripe for good-timing. In the socializing of the week-end she gets her chance.

The extramarital affinities which develop fall somewhere between a romantic crush and a serious affair. They are called "flares"; they burn but briefly. They are shallow and ephemeral. They do not look to home breaking and remarriage, although sometimes, to be sure, they do get out of hand and bring tragedy and melodrama, for a flare is still fire.

Since the ladies cannot have their romances without having them with someone, husbands inevitably become involved. They differ from the women, both in taking their own adventures more casually and in being less honest about the fun they get out of them. It is over their wives' attachments that they become emotional and are miserable but seldom do they dare to cast the first stone. So long as the thing can be held down to a decent community polygamy, they are not likely to become nasty. It is when invasions are made by outsiders and bachelors that male Suburbia can become openly resentful, even dangerous.

Where Life Moves Faster

Now, in setting down these observations in so brief a space, we realize that we have made our sketch in black and white, without shadings and qualifications. Suburbia certainly has its points — it is spacious, airy, quiet, restful, and easy on the eye. And its citizens have their points too — they are good-looking, well groomed, hospitable, and often merry. They love laughter. They have a wholesome fondness for outdoor sports. They pay willingly and generously for the education of their children. They are splendid consumers and careful investors, meet their taxes, and make their community-chest contributions.

We met exceptional people in Suburbia, but most of them were not of it. They had their addresses there but kept social alliances with other groups. There were elderly couples, widows and widowers, but they seldom appeared, even as supernumeraries.

And there were the children! We cannot help exclaiming about them, because they seemed to us, the older ones, to be a generation superior on almost every count — alertness, breadth of understanding, and sympathy — to their elders, so many of whom, significantly, had been flappers and philosophers of the jazz age.

But, for all its good points, Suburbia still seems to us, in its achieved life, to fall distressingly short of its advantages, opportunities, and obligations. If the utopia of a $5,000 or $10,000 income for everybody is going to mean the extension of Suburbia, its habits and values, to include all of us, it would be better if we remained poor.

But, of course, there will always remain the country and the city. Suburbia, out on the edge of things, occupies a strange twilight zone which is neither one nor the other. Part of our reason for leaving and taking to the big town was to recover contacts which Suburbia, by its very nature, cannot provide. We were akin to that couple, lifted out of Little Italy by some socially minded ladies in Chicago and set down in a neat model house on a clean quiet street near the lake front. One day their benefactors found them missing. Traced, finally, back to their slum apartment, they explained that, while it had been nice over there, nothing much happened, whereas over here, every day, the patrol wagon backed up to somebody's door.

Patrol wagons do go by in city streets, shrieking out that, for some people, life is still raw with extremes and terrors. The city is a connoisseur of human types, of mortal passions, aspirations, and defeats. In it, one gets back to the dynamic actualities of the here and now. He is reminded of our strength and energies and berated for our toleration of poverty, ugliness, and injustice.

The tensions which have slacked down in Suburbia begin to tighten again with real and vicarious participation in the city's concentrated, stormy existence.

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Vaucluse

A College for Middle Age

***by* J. H. WALLIS**

THE COLLEGE of Vaucluse is designed to fill a need not supplied by any other of the many facilities for adult education that have come into being in recent years. Students at Vaucluse, members of the unique college, the only one of its kind in the world, are actuated by a desire different from that moving the students at any other institution of learning.

The founders of Vaucluse believed that there were throughout the United States many thousands of people who felt very earnestly that they had never been able to make real in themselves the degree of culture, enlightenment, and self-development of which their minds were capable. These people, the founders thought, had a feeling of being thwarted, perhaps of being tragically thwarted. Doubtless, it was believed, the great majority of such people were in circumstances from which they could not break away. However, the creators of Vaucluse were confident that there were many, probably thousands, who were in a position, with respect to both finances and obligations to society, to devote themselves to remedying what they looked on as a deficiency in themselves and in their lives. These people, it was argued, would be eager to take advantage of an opportunity for cultural improvement and self-development, if an opportunity seemingly fitted to their needs and wishes were presented.

It must be said that those who had the great vision of Vaucluse wished to offer to the members of their new college not only an opportunity for cultural improvement and self-development but a chance to enjoy in middle life or later a period of strange, secure, and protected happiness such as few men and women in the world had been offered previously.

It was proposed by the founders that Vaucluse be established as a unit of some great university already existing, the conviction being that only a great university could furnish the facilities necessary for the proposed adult college. Physically, the college is a distinct architectural unit. It is a group of beautiful and appropriate buildings surrounding a quadrangle and located within easy walking distance of the center of the university. In order that Vaucluse might appear to be what it is — an institution set apart from the general life of the university — a style of architecture different from that of the other university buildings was chosen. The Vaucluse quadrangle is in the Norman style, with great round towers at the four corners. The walls, of almost white limestone, look very heavy and powerful, giving an impression of strength and security. Despite the massive character of the buildings, they are equipped with every possible modern convenience, and the rooms are light and cheerful.

In the Vaucluse buildings is accommodation for about 200 persons. There are suites for single men and single women and larger suites for married couples. There is a large dining hall, which is also used as an assembly room. There is a library with reading and workrooms. There are lecture rooms, playrooms, a small gymnasium, and kitchens.

As the essence of the Vaucluse idea is to provide for men and women who have been in the

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turmoil and stress of the world a place of escape and a happy period of retirement, an age limit — a minimum, not a maximum — has been fixed. No one under 45 years of age is admitted. There is a limit — four years — to the length of time one may stay at Vaucluse. This limit was fixed because, while the Vaucluse authorities believe in offering facilities for retirement from the world — semimonastic retirement — they hold that such retirement should be temporary. They insist that men and women, for most of their lives, should take their places in the world and should do useful work. They believe, too, that a period at Vaucluse sends a person back into the world with greater zest, greater capacity, and greater inspiration.

There is a minimum time limit for Vaucluse members. No one is permitted to become a member of the college for less than a full semester. There are accommodations for temporary visitors, who are permitted to stay as long as a week. Visitors come as guests of members, who issue invitations as they would to their own homes, or come as guests of the college, generally to investigate this unique institution.

Vaucluse in Operation

The founders of Vaucluse were confident that applications for admission to the first group of members would far exceed the accommodations for only 200. Long and careful consideration was given to the question of how the members should be chosen. It was decided that there would be no requirement of a college degree. The founders felt strongly that the test of an applicant's fitness should be more what he expected to get out of his attendance than what he could bring to it. As information concerning the college spread about the country and as the day for its opening drew nearer, hundreds of applications for admission were received. It became apparent that a very distinguished body of people could be selected as the first group of members. But it was not desired that the members of the college should all be distinguished — or all wealthy. The founders thought that there should be a large proportion of people of moderate means who were ambitious to realize hopes long held and long impossible of fulfillment. It was held highly desirable that men and women of varying occupations and interests be admitted, in order that the membership might represent something of a cross section of the cultural life of the country.

The committee on admissions, studying sympathetically but conscientiously the great list of applications, did finally admit as the first members of Vaucluse 200 men and women of greatly varied occupations, interests, and ages. There were lawyers, doctors, dentists, ministers, who had arranged to drop work for a year or more. There were officials of great corporations who had been granted sabbatical years. There were college professors, anxious to forget their tasks in other institutions for a time. There were some high-school, some grade-school teachers. There were some politicians, out of office. There were merchants, farmers, mechanics. The composition of this first group of members was found such a happy one that, ever since, the student body at Vaucluse has been similarly constituted.

Vaucluse members have placed at their disposal the educational facilities of the whole university. They are permitted use of the great library and of such laboratory facilities as are appropriate to their qualifications. They are not admitted to undergraduate recitation classes but they are admitted to all lectures and to classes in the graduate and professional schools. In addition, in Vaucluse itself, certain lecture courses are delivered, and certain classes are held to meet the special wishes and needs of Vaucluse members. Members who wish advanced degrees and are qualified to seek them are permitted to do so, but no one is required to pursue a degree. Not only is the regular faculty of the university at the disposal of Vaucluse members, but leaders of thought and achievement come to Vaucluse as visitors to deliver lectures and conduct discussions. Artists, poets, authors, scientists, philosophers, statesmen, clergymen, and others have so appeared and have delivered their messages of inspiration and achievement.

Each Vaucluse member chooses what lines of study and endeavor he pursues but, of course, has the privilege of consulting the Dean of Vaucluse in regard to individual courses. Consultation with the professors of the university is encouraged. There is a wide variety of interest and activity among those in attendance. Some devote themselves to painting, some to music. Others specialize in religion and theology, others philosophy, still others history, politics, economics, science. Some are taking

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advanced courses in English literature. Some study French, German, Spanish, Russian. Some prefer Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, ancient Egyptian. Some Vaucluse members take courses in the law school, the forestry school, the medical school. Some are taking courses in two or more schools or departments.

Most of the men and women in attendance at Vaucluse are there not to acquire knowledge useful commercially or to increase their earning capacity but to live a fuller life at Vaucluse and to prepare to live a fuller life after leaving Vaucluse. The founders of Vaucluse believed that the development of the United States had long passed the point at which all educational endeavors must have a utilitarian end. They thought it time to proclaim that enlightenment, culture, and self-development were proper ends in themselves, without regard to whether or not they produced anything otherwise useful to the world. While it was not intended that Vaucluse would particularly prepare people for utilitarian work but would rather assist them to be what they desired to be and to know what they desired to know, it was expected that the inspirational and stimulating influences of Vaucluse would call forth powers of an artistic, scientific, social, and spiritual nature that would bring notable values into the life of the country. Such expectation has been fulfilled.

The stimulating influence of Vaucluse is due partly to the contact of cultured and vital personalities with each other. In addition to the usual meetings of members in the dining hall and the social rooms of the college, there are weekly assemblies devoted to special topics, featured by prepared addresses and by lively discussions open to all.

While most of the Vaucluse members pay their share of the full cost of operating the college, some scholarships are granted. Inquiries concerning admission came from persons who, it proved, were unable to pay the regular charges but who were in all other respects desirable members. Each year favorable financial terms are granted to a selected list of these, as the income from the Vaucluse endowment makes such action possible. The identity of those receiving scholarships is not made public.

Vaucluse members are required to wear habits. This rule has been in effect since the founding of the college. The founders and the board of trustees succeeding them thought that Vaucluse provided, temporarily, a new way of life, a way perhaps describable as semi-monastic. All Vaucluse members — middle-aged or older — had voluntarily withdrawn from the world for a time, had escaped into a happy seclusion. It seemed appropriate that their dress should indicate their status. Much consideration was given to the design and color of the garb for men and women. Vaucluse members are, of course, easily distinguished among the students of the great university.

An Ideal to Pursue

Some may wish to know with what university Vaucluse is affiliated, where this strange college for adults is located. It must be said that, at present, Vaucluse exists only in the minds of the writer of this article and the readers of it.

But it should not be too difficult to obtain the realization of a project such as this. During recent years wealthy men and women have given convincing evidence of their desire to aid in educational movements which promise extension of human knowledge, powers, and happiness. Vaucluse would furnish a new service to the men and women of this country, and it is likely that one or more philanthropists would be happy to make such an institution a reality.

Vaucluse could be touched with some of the glory of those academies of old where eager people, in love with life, challenging fate, conscious of the sweeping splendor of time, associated themselves together in query and quest, in discovery and creation. Perhaps its great names might not be many, but its goals could be as lofty as hope could seek and zeal could attain. And for those privileged to dwell within its walls of peace and of strength there might be a gleam from that rich and perfect light that has been for some a solace and a stimulus, there might well be a touch of that elusive joy that some have known for a little golden time.

In an early issue:
"Education for Living,"
by Philip N. Youtz

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We Who Have a Rendezvous with Death

ANONYMOUS

IT IS SAID that, so often, to find life we must first lose it. It was not until I was condemned to die that I began to realize what it meant to live; and it is only now, with but a few months left, that I've found my happiness.

I had often wondered what those unfortunates who were condemned to die of cancer thought about, how they felt. Now I know. And it is quite different from what I pictured. Perhaps the strangest thing about it is that, once the terrible deadening shock has worn off, for the first time you begin doing some pretty straight thinking about yourself.

I was no different from thousands of other young men who are married, have families, and are trying to get ahead. I had always taken health for granted, just as I had never thought much about death because it had never touched me vitally. I had come close to it, several times, during the war. But death is somehow not quite so terrifying when one is drugged with patriotism or the fire of adventure. When one is in the very prime of life, to be suddenly struck down seems a senseless thing. And, when death plays with one like a cat with a mouse, then in the agonies of a fevered imagination one really dies a thousand times.

I was not ready to die; I had not even begun to live. Why I had only just reached the point where I had carved a small foothold, in the granite surface of life, to which I could cling. I had not even been consciously ill; it was only that living had suddenly become insupportably burdensome. At the insistence of my wife, I went to see a doctor. Later, I knew from her stunned look of agony that something was terribly wrong and why the doctor had seemed so evasive. They told me, finally. They gave me a few months, possibly a year more, to live.

I can't quite put into words the full extent of my agony then; after one has suffered to the very limit of human endurance, nature mercifully obscures the memory. At first I was like a man struck dumb, my mind refusing immediately to grasp the full import of the blow. All light seemed to go out of the world. I couldn't seem to realize that this was actually happening to me — to me out of all those millions of other people in the world. For some time afterward I felt as if I had really died at that terrible moment when the full realization of all that death would mean first came to me. Somehow I had been condemned to linger on beyond the grave, like some forlorn earthbound spirit who is neither of one world or another but who is quite beyond the bounds of sympathy from either.

I shut myself in my room and would see no one and there I gave myself over to excesses of self-pity. I blamed my parents for having given me birth and for having passed on to me tainted blood. God? There was no God, for had I not long suspected that man was but a mere pitiful creature forever at the mercy of blind, omnipotent matter? I became rebellious. Since life had played me a scurvy trick, there was no longer any need to be bound by its tedious rules of goodness or morality. I contemplated all manner of indulgences, though I went through with none of them. I was too miserable to cope with the intricacies of such activities.

II

FINALLY, of course, the well of my misery ran dry, and I began to consider my position calmly. What had I actually lost? I should have had to die someday, anyway. What real difference that, where I once might have had years to live, I now had only months? Time *was* relative. Besides, didn't some people crowd into a few brief moments a whole vigorous life-

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time, while others plodded through their allotted span without ever having really lived at all?

I began even to hope a little. Perhaps I should never have amounted to much anyway. True, I had once seriously believed that I was destined for great things, but I had later been forced to revise that estimate of my abilities. And sometimes, even then, I saw myself as I really was: a hurried, worried little man who would probably have wound up as obscurely as he had lived. At least I was free of that driving urge of ambition which had never let me be — not the commendable virtue that prods some to great accomplishment but rather the gnawing disease that eats into the souls of lesser men whose aspirations are always in excess of their capabilities and whips them into frenzies of futile activity. Now I no longer had to worry about becoming but could relax and *be*. I experienced a sense of profound relief at my newfound freedom.

My determination to get from my few remaining months every last jot that life could offer irresistibly drove me to seek happiness actively. But happiness? What was this thing we are all supposed to be in search of, this "substance of things hoped for"? It was as if I were hearing the word for the very first time.

In the old days I used to regard happiness rather tolerantly as some sort of philosopher's abstraction, by which fusty visionaries sought to explain man's strange antics in a world so apparently inimical to him. To me then it was a Sunday-schoolish sort of business that no red-blooded person would have more than an academic interest in. Happiness to me then was no permanent state one could attain to but a purely transitory affair.

Yet, in spite of this robust, emancipated philosophy, I had even then been forced to notice how anticipated pleasures had a way of turning to ashes in one's mouth, how long felt wants, when nearly attained, had a way of becoming submerged in the press of ever newer and more complex wants. Perhaps it was true that there is no end to human desire, that too often we are the victims rather than the masters of our possessions. In my feverish preoccupation with getting my share of the world's goods, I had been too busy to think about the implications of my greed.

I had nevertheless been aware of spiritual impoverishment. Latterly I had seemed to settle down to an endless dull routine of working, eating, sleeping. I seemed to have no time for the things I knew to be worth while. More and more I missed that sense of enlargement, of illumination, that comes from being taken completely out of oneself and from being stirred to the very depths — that feeling that comes sometimes after reading a great book or seeing a great drama or listening to great music or, sometimes, even in ordinary everyday life when one suddenly and quite unexpectedly comes up against that unpremeditated largeness of character man is capable of.

What put me on the right track finally was the sudden realization that I had been living in a state of perpetual anticipation. Like most people, I had been so preoccupied with what I was going to do and get tomorrow that I had quite forgotten that growth takes place only by a process of infinitely small changes.

Without quite realizing it then, with this consciousness I had opened the only door to happiness: the seeking of it within and with the means at hand rather than the eternal searching for it in things beyond my immediate grasp. By being concerned with how I spent my minutes and letting the hours take care of themselves, I became less ready to yield to every passing gust of passion. Things that once seemed important no longer seemed so.

Whatever one may think of goodness, honesty, and truth and regardless of whether one considers them absolute qualities of divine origin or merely standards evolved by the inward necessity of life itself, the fact nevertheless remains that they are positive, vital forces. How else explain that strange feeling that sometimes comes from having rather shamefacedly given way to goodness? How else explain that strange satisfaction that comes from having foreborne easy anger to be kind? From having been generous when every instinct impelled one to say, "What concern of mine?"

But of what value are words in such matters? All I can say is that I have found in thus consciously reordering my life a sense of fulfillment such as I should never have thought possible. I am no longer afraid to die. Whether I go to some better world or whether I shall live on only in the memory of my children or of those whose lives have touched mine makes no difference. I am at peace with myself.

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The Artist's Point of View

Some Evidence of Our Indestructible Native Contact with Creative Art

BRIGHAM YOUNG COLLEGE LIBRARY

IN SPITE OF all the adverse psychological and practical conditions in society today which smother the creative mind, people still do use art. Some use it naturally. For some its use is fragmentary, in patches of rudimentary, unkillable instinct. For others, like Andrew Mellon, the conflicts of the day result in queer, distorted contradictions of the natural way which are sure evidence of an unhealthy condition. This month I want to list a few positive examples.

Government subsidy of art. Even though this happened as a relief measure, the epochal fact that public money has been spent to pay for the production of works of art for public use is the greatest single evidence of a normal contact with art which has occurred in American history.

Rockefeller Center's commissioning of many artists to carry out its entire decorative scheme was a private acknowledgment of the functional use of living artists typical of what would happen normally in a civilized nation. In spite of confused standards, a last-century hangover in taste, and much nonarchitectural work, the fact of the commissions was an important application of art to life.

City, State, and national parks, with their preservation of natural beauty, their improvement of nature to create a planned beauty, their usually honest functional architecture of native materials, are works of civilized art.

Bridges of simple functional design are increasingly of good contemporary architecture and thereby evidence of an assimilated art.

Architecture. All buildings whose design grows out of contemporary needs and uses, from a silo to a skyscraper (without Gothic encrustations) or a modern factory are evidence of the normal functioning of the creative mind.

Machines and tools — autos, airplanes, streamlined trains, tugs, sailboats and ocean liners, pistols, refrigerators, the hand phone, a propeller, a hammer, a wood screw — all are things of beauty which man has created normally, without *art* consciousness, to do a job and appear well to the observing eye.

Art museums, as we over-revere them, are monuments to our wistful wishing for a conscious art in the finer brackets, i.e., pictures, sculptures, and furnishings. In these fields, because we are unconscious of our inherent creative powers and so do not trust and use them, we give an absurd degree of veneration to the achievements of past ages which, relatively, are little, if any, "greater" than our own actual or potential productions. So judged, art museums mainly testify to our divorce from the arts. They can be included here, however, as gestures of compensation for a deep and unsatisfied aesthetic hunger.

The above are public or group examples; here are a few personal ones.

Everyone "loves" color and likes pictures. Though there may be no *art* in colors or pictures as such, still this predisposition to interest is at least a physical contact.

Good taste in choosing colors or designs, in changing the position of a bed or chair or window because it "looks better" is a valid passport into the world of creative art (when native taste is not corrupted by the false commercialized standards of conventional "interior decoration").

Women's dress, at its best with the ten per cent of American women who achieve *style* instead of styles, shows what can happen here if we will. Perhaps the relative creative success in this field occurs because adornment is a functional process like the building of machines, hence the art applications are unconscious and healthy.

Love or practice of other arts are also effective passports. Participators in one art can participate in another.

So much indicates our inborn creative powers. Next month I shall list some of the negations which prevent our realizing them more widely.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

We Are All Poets

***by* ELIOT KAYS STONE**

I HOPE the title of this piece has so surprised or even possibly shocked you that you will continue to read, for, no matter how contemptuous your attitude toward poets or how lofty your disdain for all their ways and works, I iterate and reiterate that we are all poets, yes, even you, though you may not be able to write two consecutive lines with rhythm and rhyme.

I don't mean that you are a poet all the time or that you make your living (or attempt to make it) by writing poetry or by talking about it or by reading it; but you do have your moments that are truly poetical and during those moments you are truly a poet.

If there is the least bit of manhood or womanhood in you, the least spark of humanness, and you are not simply a mental adding machine (and even if you are), I think you will remember moonlight nights when something happened to cause poetic thoughts to well up in your bosom. And you will remember those magnificent sunsets which you watched from a mountain peak or from the seashore, when the whole western sky was a blaze of glory, and the thoughts that thrilled and, perhaps, nearly choked you. But, no matter what those thoughts were or what occasioned them, as you look back on those moments you treasure them as the loftiest, the most inspiring, you have ever lived.

We are all born poets and at moments are poets whether or not we affect to despise poets and poetry. We are inevitably poets, as it will take me only a few minutes to demonstrate to you. We live, as we say, in a universe of law. Now this law, in so far as it has been tracked down, is simply *rhythm*. Scientists call it vibration, but that is merely another name for rhythm.

Everything in the universe, everything in this world, every conceivable article about you, is in rhythmic motion, even if our senses are too dull to distinguish that motion. Any scientist will tell you that. The chair upon which you are so comfortably and securely seated is not solid. It only seems to be so to the two of the five senses that can get at it — the senses of sight and touch. We say the chair looks solid, and it feels solid. For all practical purposes it is solid but in reality it is an aggregation of atoms quite widely separated from each other, and in each atom is a certain number of electrons revolving around the central nucleus, the proton. Each atom is really a less than microscopic solar system, with the central nucleus, its sun, and the electrons, its planets. And these tiny planets, smaller than anything of which the imagination can actually conceive, are separated from each other and from their sun by as sweeping planetary distances as our earth and her sister planets are separated from each other and from our sun — that is, in proportion to the size of the electrons in the atom — while each atom, in proportion to its size, is as distant from its fellow atoms or infinitesimal suns as all the suns that we call stars are distant from each other. So the chair is an infinite number of such suns, rapidly revolving, their tiny planets whirling around them, all in constant rhythmic motion on so miniature a scale that not even through the most powerful of our microscopes can we glimpse this tiny universe.

Marvelous, isn't it?

But it is not necessary to follow the physicists and the chemists in their researches and investigations and experiments to know that in truth and in reality we live in a rhythmic world and are attuned to its rhythms. There are the rhythms of the seasons, of day and night, and of the ebb and flow of the tides. There are the rhythms of music and of the dance, of line and mass, and of color. Light is rhythm, heat is rhythm, electricity is rhythm, and without rhythm there would be none of these forces or of the wonders which these forces make it possible for our scientists to give us. In this highly mechanized age, the machinery which surrounds us is in rhythmical motion. The motion must be rhythmical, or the machine cannot function. How long does it take you to detect a false note in the rhythm of your motor? There is even a rhythm in our walk, the carriage of the head and of the body, and in the swing of the arms; and no rhythm is more inspiring than the march of trained troops. We are the creatures of habit, of rhythm, our very existence depending on it — in the rhythmic respiration and expiration, to and from our lungs, of the atmosphere that surrounds us; in the systole and diastole of our hearts; while metabolism is but the rhythmic balance, within our bodies, between the forces which build up living substance from the food we eat and those which break down the living tissues into inert matter.

II

WE live, I repeat, in a rhythmical universe and we enjoy its rhythms, all of them, that is, except poetry. We have no use for poetry. It is a lot of unpractical balderdash. And so, my friend, was the atom unpractical, until the physicists and the chemists between them seized on it and split it into its protons and its electrons. Now they have even discovered two other somethings in it — the neuron and the neutron. What these are I do not know; I doubt if any scientist knows precisely; but I suspect that one or the other of them is satellites for the electrons, so that these tiny planets have their still tinier moons. The big and the little, the infinitely large and the infinitely small — the same law working throughout cosmos and microcosm.

All children like poetry, and I know whereof I speak, because I have taught in the lower grades for several years of my life and have come in direct and intimate contact with young children of various nationalities whose parents occupied very different positions in society. All of us have heard a young child singing some little song he has improvised, over and over with the greatest gusto, his little body or his hands keeping time to the beat of his tune. Many of the games that have been popular with children, generation after generation, are accompanied by such jingling tunes as, "Here we go round the mulberry bush," and "London Bridge is falling down." When I was a wee child, barely able to walk, I toddled around with a *Mother Goose* under my arm, making life miserable for all grownups whom I encountered, by pleading with them to read to me. And they had to read the jingles correctly. Woe unto them if they left out a word or mis-

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We Are All Poets

pronounced one. They were instantly corrected and that in no uncertain terms, for I knew every one of the jingles by heart. If you will project yourself into the past and live again certain moments of your childhood, you will vividly recall the important part played by rhymes and jingles. You liked to learn verses and recite them, too, if they were your own selection and not some grownup's idea of what you should learn. There was something in the rhythm and rhyme of the poems that excited and stimulated you or quieted and soothed you. Even if there was a great deal in them that you did not understand, you absorbed something of the mood.

As all of us were born with a love for poetry and, as children, retained it, it will be necessary to seek an explanation why so many of us have so successfully acquired a dislike for it. Undoubtedly it is because dull parents and duller teachers have knocked all poetry out of us, literally as well as metaphorically, and they, in turn, had been victims of the same process. All too many parents look on poetry as something dull and meaningless, when the dullness and lack of comprehension are only in themselves, and they discourage any taste for poetry which their children may display. How terrible! Johnnie or Susie might, either of them, grow up to be a poet! In our high schools and colleges there are far too many teachers ably equipped to destroy forever any liking for poetry which their pupils may have clung to in spite of hard knocks at home and in the lower grades; and these learned pedagogues are pretending, above all things, to teach English literature.

You know, most professors of English literature remind me of the Pope, and I mean no disrespect to His Holiness. The Pope or the Church, as I understand it, rarely canonizes anyone until he or she has been dead 300 years. Now these professors won't canonize a writer until he has been dead, well, maybe not 300 years but a long time. They are beginning dimly to realize that John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, Vachel Lindsay, the Benét brothers, Ralph Cheyney, and a host of significant modern poets have actually lived and moved and had their being. They are beginning to recognize Masefield and Edwin Arlington Robinson, because these poets have written long poems, have made what these embalmers of our literature are pleased to designate as a "sustained effort." They measure poetry not by strength but by length, just as the editor does — only he wants his poetry short.

But the worst crime this kind of professor commits — and it is no less than a spiritual crime — is to take some poem he calls a classic and pick it to pieces as a botanist does a flower. By the time he is through with it, no matter how fine a poem it may have been, the dull, bewildered man, with his interpretations and his interlineations, his anapaests and his trochees, has made it a shred, a patch, a poor mutilated nothing; and the pupil who has not acquired a distaste not only for that poem but for many others must surely have the love of poetry firmly implanted in his being. But the learned professor is not especially to be blamed; he has been meticulously taught to squeeze all life out of every bit of literature he touches, and he would most likely lose his job if he succeeded in making literature, especially poetry, "a joy forever."

III

CERTAINLY if left to ourselves we should love poetry, because we love the other rhythms of life. All speech is rhythmical. In your conversations you have noticed this, not only in yourself but in others, and you have probably noticed this, too: that, the more one's emotions are aroused, the more stressed and regular the rhythm becomes. Now poetry is the language of the emotions, while prose is the language of the reason, the intellect; and, therefore, poetry is a stressed rhythm, with regularly recurring beats. Poetry is the language of the subconscious, prose of the conscious; and, therefore, poetry attains a higher level of truth — of inspiration — of the reality behind the seeming.

The poet, then, is something of a seer, a prophet, a John the Baptist heralding the future. He differs from his fellows only in that he feels deeper because he is neither afraid of nor ashamed of his emotions and, through dwelling to a greater extent and more frequently in the subconscious and obeying its "hunches," he is more in tune with the universe, with the great rhythms of life. It is his function — his almost sacred mission — to reveal to others as fully and as beautifully as he can something of what he has seen through the inner eye and felt to be true in every fiber of his being.

The poet who is not a seer, a hostage to the future, who has not a cosmic, a universal sweep, but lays mosaics of glittering words. He is no more than a tambourine played on by a ghost.

But in our various degrees, whether we will or whether we won't, we are all poets, and that is our greatest heritage.

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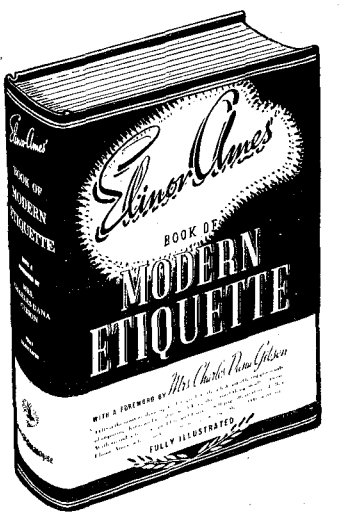

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

THAT LABOR ORGANIZER

To the Editor:

. . . The anonymous article, "I Am a Labor Organizer" [August FORUM] . . . deserves to rank with the "I Was a Nun" or "I Was a Jesuit" or "I Was a Rabbi" tales which have been circulated for centuries.

This story reads as if it were written by one of the many "stooges" or "labor spies" who insidiously work their way into the labor movement for the purpose of discrediting our activities. I say "our" even though the article purports to describe the C. I. O. methods. Obviously it aims to discredit any aggressive organization campaign.

The whole story smacks too much of skillful propaganda to impress me. No man as hard-headed as this "organizer" seems to be would be willing to undermine his own opportunities by such a seemingly naïve admission of chicanery.

If the man is *actually* an organizer and *actually* acts as he says he acts, I will wager that he does not long continue with the C. I. O. or the American Federation of Labor. His only sponsors in the long run would be the Pearl Bergoffs of the strike-breaker, labor-spy profession.

In my years in the labor movement I have occasionally seen people of the sort described in the story. They do not flourish long because the union expels them, or else the union itself is wrecked and ruined by their scheming. They get their real pay from someone else. Yet none of the spies I have observed could write such a skillful piece of propaganda as this one!

I believe you will find that many such persons as this self-styled organizer have been working in the automobile and steel strike areas — but working for those who wish to discredit and destroy the unions. They are probably the "boys" who hurl the stones and give the police an excuse to shoot or plant dynamite and give the vigilantes their excuse to get into action.

If your "organizer" is what he pretends to be, he ought to go back to the bench — or to a padded cell. Our people do make mistakes, but they do not indulge in such elaborate introspection as this union wrecker describes. . . .

ROBERT J. WATT

Secretary-Treasurer-Legislative Agent Massachusetts State Federation of Labor Boston, Mass.

THE FORUM *does not publish anonymous articles, dealing with questions of a factual nature, without establishing their authenticity. "I Am a Labor Organizer" was no exception to this policy.—Ed.*

ASTROLOGY

To the Editor:

. . . As an old intercollegiate debater, I am compelled to notice, as you also must have, that the debaters [Dane Rudhyar & William Marias Malisoff: "Can We Accept Astrology?" August FORUM], though they appear to join issues boldly, are merely saying over and over again, "I do believe," and "I don't believe." No proof is advanced for and no disproof against. Mr. Rudhyar rationalizes his belief; Mr. Malisoff his disbelief.

Astrology has suffered through the ages because of lack of knowledge on the part of both defenders and attackers. The believers have lacked knowledge — that is, facts — to support their belief and thus were guilty of superstition. The unbelievers have lacked the same knowledge and facts to support their unbelief and thus were guilty of bigotry. On neither side has a clear mind detached itself to prove or disprove. Astrology has been bandied between the will to believe and the will not to believe. It has never been subjected by either party to the will to prove.

There is only one way by which this question can ever be settled, and I for one expect never to see that way followed. It is by "evidence from experiment and by verification," which is not impossible but merely a long job that needs patient doing. The method is simple, if tedious. Ten thousand (or a hundred thousand) biographies are acquired, of as many individuals, preferably dead and from all walks of life, of known birth data. Each horoscope is checked rigidly against its biography — checked without reference to supposed astrological rules but merely against the movements of the planets, the sun, and the moon. The group is then tabulated for correspondences. If people are found to marry, fall sick, rise, topple, and die under corresponding influences, the case for astrology will be good. If not, it will be bad. This would be a long work and will probably never be done. But, until it is done, I fear there will be the Rudhyars who believe by insight and the Malisoffs who disbelieve by insight.

For myself, I have done some very slight research along the lines laid down above — very slight and, I assure you, non-definitive. My inconclusive investigations leave me open to conviction. I have found sufficient correspondences to encourage the belief that pretty accurate laws will repay further research . . . if it is ever conducted. That many astrologers are crackpots I will agree, but then so are many mathematicians and chess players. This in itself is nothing against astrology or chess. What we need is less invoking, less etherealizing, less metaphysizing, on the part of the believers; less name calling by the skeptics; and more hard-bitten investigating on either side or on both. Until such investigation is done, Mr. Malisoff will continue to believe that it will find against astrology, and Mr. Rudhyar and I will continue to believe it will find for astrology. But none of us will know.

GRANT LEWI

New Rochelle, N. Y.

RACE AND EMOTION

To the Editor:

Dr. Boas' article ["Race Prejudice from the Scientist's Angle," August FORUM] on race prejudice wholly ignores its basic factor, which is the psychology of the emotions. . . .

Racial antagonisms do present a problem of democracy. It is one that cannot be solved by restating our democratic creeds, because it is a problem of the emotions. . . .

Democratic creeds and ceremonies on election day only serve the split personality to conceal an undemocratic sentimentalism, which is unconsciously fostered by all types of education and capitalized by all important misleaders of the people. Because of our "educated" split personalities, our democratic forms are always used as a means to power. . . .

We are so miseducated that it is easy to organize a committee of a million to promote one or another kind of prejudice. It is impossible to collect 100 active persons who will co-operate to discredit and counteract the intellectual methods of every prejudice, namely, the rabble rousers' appeals to fear and hope, sentimental tricks by means of slogans and question-begging epithets, adjectives that express emotional values without objective meaning, etc. . . .

Our education is so defective that we "superior" nordics have no objectively derived standards for judging each other. We can do no better in judging others. Our moral and educational leaders have left all of us where we have no way of appraising any human being, except through our hates and loves (our sadism and masochism).

. . . It is not a matter of changing the symptomatic theories, cultural acquisition, or erudite infantilisms of the split personalities but a matter of helping the young to outgrow the same, by maturing their impulses and intellectual methods. . . .

THEODORE SCHROEDER

Cos Cob, Conn.

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Family Portrait

MR. BIRNBAUM, who draws funny pictures for bright magazines like *The New Yorker* and *Stage*, painted this picture.

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Maybe war can be stopped; maybe it can't. Maybe if it does come, we can stay out; maybe we can't. But this much is certain: it *could* be stopped if enough decent citizens reared up on their hind legs and said, "*We won't have war!*"

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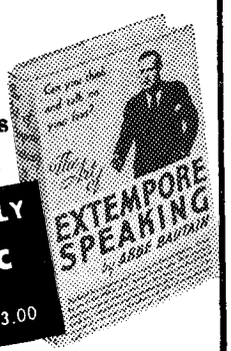

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TOASTS

SUTHERLAND DENLINGER served with the French army during the World War and knocked around the Balkans and our own West before becoming a feature writer for the *New York World-Telegram*. He was the author of "Heaven Is in Harlem" in the April, 1936, FORUM.

EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON, a Kentuckian by birth and a Virginian by adoption, is National Field Representative of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. She is a constant and authoritative writer and speaker on women's problems.

BEN COTHRAN, after writing "South of Scottsboro" for THE FORUM in June, 1935, decided he didn't know half enough about the South and began to study again. His present article is the first fruit of this investigation.

JANET MABIE'S specialty is off-the-beaten-track stories for the *Christian Science Monitor*, and lately she has been trying her hand at writing fiction.

EMIL LUDWIG, German biographer and exile from the Third Reich, announced recently that his next book would be a study of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

JAMES MYERS is an ordained Presbyterian minister and for the past twelve years has served as Industrial Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. He is the author of a number of books on religious and labor problems.

NABOTH HEDIN, a journalist for many years, is head of the Swedish-American News Exchange in New York City.

BARCLAY MOON NEWMAN is head of the Science Department at Brooklyn Academy, Brooklyn, New York, and Science Editor of *The Digest*.

KIRTLEY F. MATHER, called the "dean" of American geology, is a Harvard professor and currently is assisting in the work of the Boston Center for Adult Education.

BRUCE BARTON, celebrated as an advertising expert and the author of *The Man Nobody Knows*, recently announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Congress from his New York district.

ROBERT HILLYER, a Pulitzer prize winner in poetry, is including the verses printed in this issue in his next published volume.

LIN YUTANG'S newest book of genial philosophy will be published this fall.

HANIEL LONG, born the son of a missionary in Burma, is one of the colony of writers at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

JOHN J. O'NEILL, science editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, received a Pulitzer award this year for reporting in that field.

LUCILE GREBENC has done scientific research and free-lance writing and is now completing a novel to be published in the spring.

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It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing — of gathering material about which to write — develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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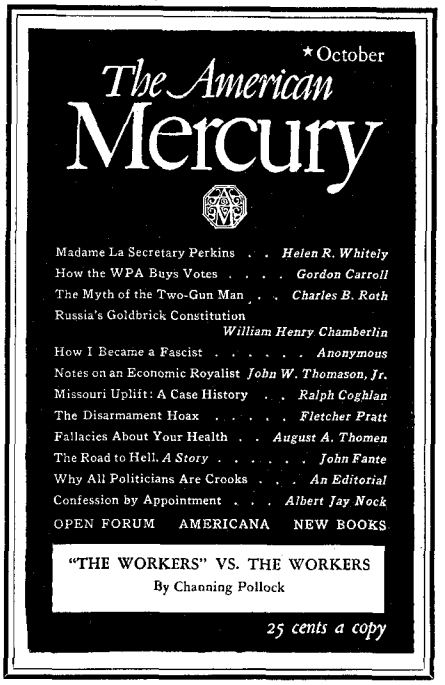
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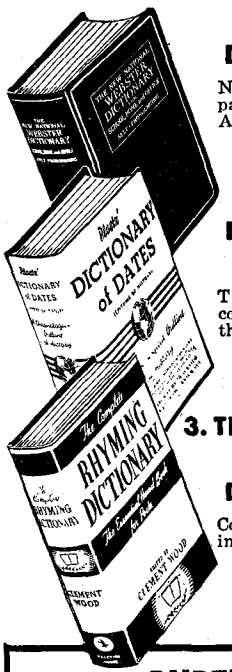

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